THE SONGS OF *MOSES* and *DEBORAH* Paraphrased. WITH POEMS ON Several Occasions.

Never before Publish'd.

To which is added, A PINDARICK ON Mr. *L'ESTRANGE.*

Veniam dabimus petimusque vicissim.

LONDON,
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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN

LORD *CHURCHILL.*

MY LORD,

THere are several things in the World that carry along with them no real use or profit; but serve only to fill up the vacuities of the Creation, and please purely upon the account of Variety: Among this class of Beings some Men have

graciouſly vouchſafed to rank all Eſſayers in this kind: and our Authors further add, That if Nature ever made any thing in Vain, 'twas a Poet. Well, for once let Poets have the worſhipful Name of *Jeſters* to Mankind; let us grant for once, That they are but *Riſus plorantis Mundi*, as was ſaid of the Rainbow, the Sport and Caprice of Nature; Men work'd off when ſhe was in an excellent merry vein. Yet hard Fate it is, That while like Silk-Worms, they unravel their very Bowels for the Pleaſure and Luxury of Mankind; they muſt lye Entomb'd in their own bottoms. We read, I confeſs, of few of the Tribe that have been Lord Mayors or Secretaries of State, Men of vaſt Buſineſs or Politicks: Yet let

let me oppoſe to this bold Slander, by way of Apology, for the uſefulneſs of Poetry, what ſtands Recorded of the Famous *Alcæus*, that great Poet and Souldier, who uſed to make his Speeches in Verſe at the head of his Army; and thought there was as much Martial Muſick in the Harmonious Cadence of Numbers, as in the louder noiſe of Drums and Hautboys. Nay we further read, Poets were the Civility Maſters to Mankind, and the only Divines of the old World: and even the greateſt Preachers of our days are not aſhamed to make uſe of their Sermon-Notes, and beſpangle their Diſcourſes with the Golden Remains of their Compoſitions.

I queſtion not, but Your Lordſhip does preſently fore-ſee what Advantage I intend to make of this Preamble; For where now ſhou'd perſecuted *Poetry* fly, but to the Patronage of the Great? Whoſe very Title, at the Front of its Productions, is Charm enough againſt all the peeviſh Bolts of an ill-judging Age. And, I hope, Your Lordſhip will the more eaſily pardon the Preſumption, in prefixing Your awful Name to theſe Trifles, when You ſhall conſider, That the Greateſt Men the World yet produc'd, have been Your Fellow-ſufferers, have been peſter'd with Addreſſes of this kind: The great *Scipio* had *Ennius* always in his Camp: And a greater than he, the *Macedonian* Youth, carried a whole Knot

of

of the Brothers of the Quill, into *Asia*, with him. And Your Lordship may, with Modesty enough, put in for a Share in this Privilege, of having *Poeta a latere*; whose Sword has already acted Wonders; and will in time, no question, cut out more Work for Heroick Poetry; than the ablest Pen can engrave.

But still, *My Lord*, these Motives had been too weak, had not Your Natural Candor and Ingenuity open'd a way for this bold Attempt: And here I have but too large a Field to expatiate in. I may safely say, You possess all the Virtues, separate from the Vices of a Courtier. All that have the Honour of Your Lordship's Acquaintance proclaim You Master of a Soul, that

is unruffled with Passion, undisturbed with the Freakishness of Humour; where Affability with State, Humility with Greatness, meet and center.

This is Great and Illustrious: But Your Lordship's steady and unbyas's'd Loyalty, is the Brightest Star in this Constellation of Virtues: Far from the Humor of some *Male-Contents* of our Age, who upon the least Pique, and Court-Disgust, fly off to the Faction; not unlike the Fellow, who had *God* on one side of his Shield, and the Devil on the other, with this Motto, *If You won't have me, here's One will.*

Thus, when Nature had fitly fram'd Your Mind, she left not off here, but took order the fair Inhabitant shou'd be lodg'd in as delicate

licate a Body; a Structure of such admirable Contrivance and Regularity, that I must here apply what *Plato* has said of *Philosophers*, That the Souls of Vulgar Persons are lodg'd in their Bodies, but the Bodies of *Philosophers* in their Souls; their very Bodies being so pure, defecate and refin'd: Never was a happier Match made by Fate, except in that blest'd Conjunction of Your other Half, Your Honour'd Lady, and Your Self; a Couple so well pair'd by Heaven, that if all the Beauty and Proportion of both Sexes shou'd be lost, here it might be retriev'd: And such is the Harmony of Your Souls, so strong the Tie of Conjugal Affection, as it cou'd scarce be greater, when the whole World had but

Two

Two in Family: An Example of ſuch admirable Influence, that it were able throughly to Convert any Age, leſs lewd than *That* we live in.

But in vain, *My Lord*, I ſeek to play the *Panegyriſt*, when Heaven it ſelf has long ſince deſign'd You for a laſting Ornament to this Nation, by chuſing Your Lordſhip to be a Part of thoſe precious Remains of the *Scotch Wreck*: and his *Royal Highneſs* has taught the World how to value ſo much Worth and Excellency, when Your Lordſhip had the Honour to be the Second Man call'd into the Long-Boat.

As for theſe enſuing Trifles, Your Lordſhip may eaſily perceive, by the Weakneſs of the Child, that the Parent is of no ſtrong Maſcu-

line

line Conſtitution in *Poetry*: But if the World will be pleas'd to take 'em as they are, I promiſe, for their Comfort, never to trouble 'em more. But why do I appeal to the *Many?* No: With the Wiſe Heathen, *Contemno minutos iſtos Deos modo Jovem propitium habeo*: Let the World freely damn 'em for their Money, ſo they live but in the favourable Opinion of Your Lordſhip; which is the utmoſt Ambition of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Devoted Servant,

C. Cleeve.

To my Friend the AUTHOR.

AS you and I have walk'd along by Pauls,
And happen'd there to ſee the numerous ſhoals
Of Authors ſcatter'd upon every Stall,
Which hourly wait for an effectual call:
How often have I cry'd, Look here my Friend,
Of writing Verſe you find there is no end;
For ſee where Denham, Dryden, Oldham, *lye:*
Few read the Title Page, and fewer buy.
When to the Book-Retailing Coxcomb's price,
Perhaps the cautious Buyer will not riſe;
Come, Sir, ſays he, to fetch him to his Gin,
See I'll be kind, here take the Medal *in.*
Audacious Sot! to uſe a Poet ſo,
Thus Chandlers with their Penny Chapmen do;
Into the Bargain Thread and Paper throw.
To ſee 'em ty'd and ſtrung on ev'ery Board,
It does at once Pity and Mirth afford:
For then methinks all the Harmonious Band,
Juſt like ſo many Country Fidlers ſtand;

Pleaſe

Please you a Leſſon, Maſters; here is good
Store of Pindarick, Paſtoral and Ode.
Oh curſed killing ſhame! and yet in ſpite
Of this ill Fate, ſpite of your Stars you'd write.
If you had been ſo plaguy fond to know
How well the world approv'd your Poem or ſo,
You might have clap'd a Copy in the dark
Before a Book, like a raw entring Spark,
Have writ C. C. *and only ſet your Mark.*

T. KING.

THE

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THE

THE SONG OF MOSES Paraphras'd.

I.

NOW had bleſs'd *Iſrael* gain'd the diſtant Shore,
They long had reacht with greedy Eyes before,
When their Great Guide wav'd his Myſterious Wand,
Beck'ning the Sacred Hoſt to make a Stand;
They own'd the mighty Sign, and ſtrait obey'd;
They turn'd, and all around the wondrous Wreck ſurvey'd.

The parted Seas ran to embrace afreſh,
And hide their Father *Neptune*'s Nakedneſs;
Theſe Secrets, which now long unveil'd had been,
Since Nature's Birth before ne'r ſeen.
For ſcatter'd o'er the Bottom of the Deep,
(The Store-houſe, where the Sea its Spoils is wont to keep)
Lay Anchors, Helmets, ſhatter'd Bones,
Lay Heaps of Jewels, and unvalued Stones;
Some were lodg'd in dead Men's Skulls,
And in the ſelf-ſame Holes,
Where Eyes of old did dwell with their Enliven-ing Beams,
There were hid reflecting Gems.
With as ſwift Pace the Waves to their old Beds did move,
As when at firſt the Almighty *Fiat* ſpake,
Bidding them ſtrait, dry Land forſake;
And to one great Abyſs the ſcatter'd Waters drove.
The Waves in Triumph bore their Spoils along,
And with freſh Prizes fraught,
Which in their Watry Net they'd caught,
In numerous Bands to th' wondring Shore did throng.

Cloſ

Close by the *Hebrews* side, upon the spacious Sand,
Lay all the Pride of *Egypt*'s Land;
One Wave the mighty *Cenchres* bore,
Another brought his faithful Page to Shore.
Curst *Pharaoh!* now as much with Water swell'd,
As he before with haughty Pride was fill'd.
Here lay a Prince, and there a Swain,
Both clad in th' Native Scarlet of the Main;
In equal Death both the same State maintain.
Each *Hebrew* at his Feet his Master now do's view,
Each Man his curs'd Oppressor knew:
Their Pleasure tho' a secret Fear controul'd;
For yet they look't as cruel, fierce and bold;
And yet they seem'd to grin out their Commands,
And still to threaten with up-lifted Hands.
Now dead, the *Hebrews* fear 'em more,
Than living they had done before.

II.

Thus, O ye Sons of *Israel*, be it done,
Cryes *Amram*'s mighty Son;
May thus a speedy Ruin seize on those,
Who dare our *God*, or's *Prophet*'s Voice oppose:

For He it is, that great unutterable Name,
Who now has done this Glorious Work of Fame.
'Twas by his Hand the *Chamian* Army fell;
Down like a Stone they went, and ſunk as deep as Hell.

The generous Horſe, proud of his Maſter's Weight,
At firſt pranc'd down the Gulph with ſtately Gate:
As pleas'd and glad he ſtood,
As when he us'd to water at ſome Neighbouring Flood:
But when the rowling Seas came down amain,
He ſtarted ſtrait, and flounc'd, and flip't the uſeleſs Rein.
No Aid the Faithful Beaſt can lend;
But Horſe and Rider too beneath this watry Fate muſt bend.
He grew unruly with the Fright,
Not us'd to this odd way of Fight.
He ſaw no other Enemy throughout the Field,
But Water, which beneath his preſſing Hoof did yield.
But ſtill the ſlippery Foe came on him freſh again,
And plung'd him down, at laſt, into the faithleſs Main:

There

There in watry Stalls to feed
With Horſes of another Breed.
Pity, that Vengeance innocent Beaſts ſhou'd ſlay!
Pity, that they for ſinning Man ſhou'd pay!
Upon the floating Chariots head.
Where once proud *Ægypt*'s purpled *Monarch* ſate,
All the Scaly Herd were got;
It pleas'd 'em far above their Watry Bed.
Thus plac'd, as proud the Sea-Born Monſters mov'd,
As their Brother Fiſh above;
Who in that Sea of Air, which there does flow,
With all the other Signs, an endleſs Journey go.
See there ſad *Ægypt*'s Ruines ſcatter'd o're the Main:
This did the *Lord* himſelf, a Glorious Name to gain

III.

Our *God*, (ſang on the Great Inſpired *Seer*)
The All-wiſe *God*, whom we adore and fear,
No lazy Deity is, or idle Looker-on,
Whil'ſt his People ſuffer Wrong.

A Jealous Being, ready to redreſs:
Nor will He ſee his Votaries borne down by thriving Wickedneſs.
His Power oft in Battles has been ſhown
Againſt the Enemies of his Heavenly Crown.
When He goes forth to War,
He wears no Armor, weilds no Spear;
Nor's wont with Steed or Chariot to appear,
The Officious Winds beneath Him bend;
And in a well-form'd *Vehicle* of Clouds He does deſcend.
A dazling Glory round his Head does ſtand,
And forked Thunder fills his Hand.
'Twas thus upon the Plains of endleſs Day,
He thro' the Embattel'd *Seraphims* forc'd his way:
'Twas thus He met the Rebel Sons of Light,
And ſent 'em howling down into Eternal Night.
Thus He of Old did call
The Waters o'er the Univerſal Ball;
As ſoon as e're He ſpoke,
The troubled Sea from its dark Chambers broke;
All the Cataracts of the Sky
Precipitated from on high;

Heaven's

Heaven's Flood-gates burſt aſunder:
To them joyn'd Lightning, Hail and Thunder;
And from Above they came with a diſorder'd Courſe,
To meet the Sea's Auxiliary Force:
The Sea and Rain, as old Acquaintance, joyn;
(For the *Sun*'s Rays from hence theſe Show'rs did once refine.)
The wondring World, as in an Ambuſh ta'n,
Was cover'd o'er by the wild Deluge, and prevailing Main.
Thus from the Walls of Heaven, the Eternal King look't down,
And ſaw ſtrange Fires burn *Sodom*'s luſtful Town.
Each Angel ſhook his Starry Sphere, and down there came
Whole Guſhes ſtrait of flaming Rain.
The amazed *Sodomites* now wonder more:
They oft had ſeen Stars fall by Night,
That was a common Sight;
But never thought they carried Fire, before.
By the ſame Hand the *Chaldean* Army fell;
As ſwift as Light they went, and ſunk as deep as Hell.

IV.

Tell this, ye Winds, bear on your Wings the ſame,
To the far diſtant Coaſts of Fame!
The *Lord* of *Hoſts*, that is his wondrous Name!
Whiſper it to each Country, where you come,
As through your Stormy Empire you do roam;
But to the *Ægyptian* Court,
Be ſure ye ſtrait reſort,
And There proclaim aloud the killing Sound,
That *Pharaoh*, and his Hoſt, are drown'd!
Ye *Erythræan* Waves, whene're ye joyn,
The Seas that run beyond the Line,
If they enquire from whence theſe Spoyls you bear,
What makes your Waves twice dy'd in red appear?
Tell 'em, Proud *Ægypt*'s King, with all his Luxury,
Within your watry Grave entomb'd does lie:
And tell 'em, Tho' a Thouſand Shores they waſh,
And as many Countries paſs;
There no Heathen *Idols* are,
Who can with *Iſrael*'s *God* compare.

Ye

Ye Fields of *Zoan*, ſay ; for you have been,
Of Heavenly Wonders, the unhappy Scene ;
Can all your numerous Stock of *Gods* afford
One, who dare ſtand before the *Lord*?
When on your Cattle He a Murrain ſent,
Among the meaner Herd the adored Heifer went.
When the ripe Corn and Fruits did blaſted lie,
With them your *Garden Gods* did hang their Heads, and die.
When *Nile* was turn'd to Blood, and putrid Gore,
Your Sacred *Crocodile* came forth, and dy'd upon the Shore.
But let not injur'd *Nile* complain ;
The ſame *Almighty Rod* again,
Which did his Waters paint, has dy'd the Neighboring Main.

V.

'Twas then (continued he his tuneful Song)
When our Army march'd along,
The *Travelling Flame* before us did appear,
The never-failing *Cloud* fell in the Rear.
The *Queen of Heaven* wonder'd, ſtill by Night,
To ſee a Fire below, ſo Glorious, Fierce and Bright.

The

The *Sun* himſelf ſurpriz'd as much by Day,
That with his Rays he ne'r could chaſe this Cloud away.
At the firſt Sight of the *Myſterious Rod*,
As if they'd ſpy'd the Finger of a *God*,
The Waters loos'd their cloſe Embrace,
Crowding back with furious Haſte.
Into the ſecret Paths our Hoſt did move,
Paths ſo full of Myſtery,
That the Heavenly Hoſt above,
Were ſurpriz'd as much as We.
For the Stars cou'd never gueſs,
Why in the Ocean's poliſh'd Glaſs,
They cou'd no longer ſee their Face.
After our Troops the *Pharian* Tyrant bent,
With violent Haſte, blaſpheming as he went.
In vain you try, ye Slaves, to ſhun your Fate,
Or fly my juſt provoked Hate.
I fear no longer now your *God*,
Nor the damn'd Sorcerer's Conjuring Rod.
More the bold Monſter wou'd have ſaid, and worſe,
But a fierce bidden Wave came on, and ſtop't the fooliſh Curſe.

VI.

In *Ægypt*'s Sky now let ſad Clouds appear,
Tho' they were ne'r before ſeen there.
Now howl, ye beaſtly *Pharian* Deities,
And echo thro' Heaven's Vault your hideous Cries.
Now hang again, ye Garden *Gods*, your Head;
For He, the mighty *He*, that made you ſo, is dead.
O'er trembling *Edom* too, and *Moab*, let the Sound,
And even to *Canaan*'s Land, rebound:
Let *Jordan* now back to his Fountain run.
For what was here begun,
Said the great Inſpired *Seer*,
Shall again be acted there.
His Waves at *God*'s Command ſhall make a ſtand,
And open too a Path for *Iſrael*'s Sacred Band.

THE

THE SONG OF DEBORAH Paraphras'd.

I.

NOW breath We, warlike Mates, good Fortune bids us pauſe:
See the hoarſe Trumpets threatning Voice be drown'd;
See it no more the Neighboring Valleys wound;
In ſofter peaceful Strains we'll Anthems ſound
To the Great Name, that did eſpouſe our Righteous Cauſe.

Iſrael

Israel a Captive now no longer shall be said:
Ah! Blessed *Israel*, raise thy ransom'd Head!
Sisera's no more; his Soul is with his Army fled.
Proud *Midian* now has clear'd the mighty Score,
That has been running up this Twenty *Suns*, and more.
The vast Arrears of Rapine, Death and Spoil,
One Day has paid, this black Day's memorable Foil.
There *Hecatombs* to Shades below are gone,
And there for injured *Hebrew* Ghosts atone.
Ye *Midian* Slaves, go, and this Victory tell;
Our Fathers dy'd, and said, *Revenge us*, as they fell.
The Cries of Brothers, Husbands, Children slain,
For this Avenging Light did long complain.
I saw their Blessed Spirits hover o're
These Plains, which once had drunk their Sacred Gore.
They smil'd to see Proud *Jabin* fall,
To see us deal round Death to All:
They lean'd their subtle Organs down to catch the Steam,
Which in great Mists from *Midianitish* Blood did Stream.

II.

God, and your Arms be prais'd! Ah! fooliſh I,
Thus to Purloin from Heaven a Victory!
For, Oh! Ye Powers above, what Mortal may
Share in the Glory of this Day?
Our little, meager, trembling Hoſt
Look't like a wild diſorder'd Rout of Ghoſts:
No, Thou Great *God*, alone, thy Power did'ſt exert;
It was thy Arm; Thou both the Sword and Buckler wert.
Baruck, and *I*, can lay no Claim
To this mighty Work of Fame.
May I thy humble *Propheteſs* ſtill counted be;
The Deity's great Lieutenant, He.
Hear this, ye Kings, ye Earthly *Gods*,
Who of your Numbers boaſt,
Your Armed Towns, and well-appointed Hoſts:
'Twixt Heaven, and You, ſee here the mighty Odds.
The *Almighty* from Above does ſee,
How wondrous careful, and ſollicitous you be:

He

He ſees your Men, like buſie Emmets, crawl
Over the Mole-hill of this Earthly Ball;
He ſits, and with a ſcornful Smile ſurveys it all.
Your very Chariots fail in a Retreat:
Jabin's proud General had
Numbers of Scores in ſturdy Iron clad;
And yet was forc'd to owe his Safety to his Feet.

III.

With it this frightful Day ſuch dire Confuſion bore,
As when thro' *Idumea*'s Hilly Coaſt,
Amram's great Son led the *Beloved Hoſt*;
Our Army came behind, and Terror march'd before.
Fame haſted ſtrait, and all around,
Threw the aſtoniſhing Sound;
Into their Towns ſhe flew, and ſcatter'd there,
Blind Terror, deaf Diſorder, helpleſs Fear.
Edom cou'd now it ſelf no more command,
But wiſh'd ſurrounded with more Hills, to ſtand.
Thus 'twas of old on ſmoaking *Sinah*'s Head,
With ſuch Amazement was it over-ſpread,

Whea

When the Great *Law* firſt took its Birth,
And Heaven convers'd with Earth,
God and his Creature in Conjunction ſate,
Familiarly did debate:
Man's raviſh'd Opticks feaſted on the Sight Divine,
Which way, we know no more, than how the Soul and Body joyn.
When firſt upon the Mountain's Top,
The *Eternal King* came down;
The ſhuffling Clouds, to make Him room,
Together ruſh't, and hence loud Storms did come.
By Smoak, and vaporous Heat, the Lightning fed,
Stood like a ſhort-liv'd Glory round his Head:
At every Word the liſt'ning Thunder roar'd aloud,
And, in dire Accents, told it to the trembling Crowd.
Such Sights, upon its Plains, the Heavens ne'r did know,
Since the bold Sons of Light here met their Overthrow.
Such was the diſmal Scene of this *Black Day*:
As *Sion* ſhook, as *Edom* trembled then, ſo now did they.

IV.

Moſes, at firſt, our Captive-Neck did free
From curs'd *Ægyptian* Slavery:
But He, and his Commiſſion, dy'd;
And *Joſhua*'s Sword the *Active* Rod ſupply'd:
And what He did we have been taught,
And how he Wonders wrought:
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* his Conquering Arms he threw,
And did even Humane Thought out-go.
An Age or more his Fame ſecur'd our Peace;
To That we ow'd our very Bread and Eaſe.
In after Days
God did ſome well-fram'd Spirits raiſe;
Othniel, *Ehud*, and great *Shamgar*'s Arm
Defended *Iſrael*'s Flock from Harm:
The bordering Tyrant's Force they did rebate;
And, for a while, kept off the Bolts of angry Fate.
For ever live, for ever let recorded ſtand
The Illuſtrious Acts of *Shamgar*'s Hand:
Quitting his Plow, unarm'd he took his Courſe,
Where lay Encamp't all the *Philiſtian* Force.

His

His Hand a peaceful *Goad* did bear,
(A Tool unpractic'd in the Art of War:)
With this he rul'd his Beasts, with the same *Goad* he scar'd,
And drove before him the whole *Pagan* Herd.
And when he had the Heavenly Call obey'd,
He hasten'd to his plain unfinish'd Trade.
But still our fetter'd Land her Griefs bemoan'd;
And still beneath inglorious Bondage groan'd.
This struggling shew'd she had some Courage left;
Of Life and Spirits not yet quite bereft:
And that, Alas! was all,
That we these few and vain Attempts could call.
As when Diseases do our Body take,
Nature some Help wou'd fain afford;
Some weak Essays she's wont to make,
To throw her Rider off, and cast the painful Load.
Such was the Temper of our baffled Power;
It serv'd to shew our Weakness more:
And this was all we gain'd hereby,
To change our Masters, not our Misery.
Like some poor Bark, which just has scap't a Wreck,
And after finds a Pirate seizing on her Deck.

V.

Oh, can we! can we! without Bluſhes, name,
Our memorable Shame?
When *Paleſtine*, the wretched *Paleſtine*, was grown
Like one beſieged Town,
Tho' buſineſs call'd, we ne're durſt look abroad:
The ſtraggling *Canaanite* beſet the common Road.
The Merchant's Camel, and the Peaſant's Team,
Thro' unknown Paths, and Hills were wont to climb:
Thro' Woods, by Wild Beaſt's Dens, they took their painful way,
To eſcape Men, leſs Merciful than they.
The Villager his Herds to loneſome Caves did drive;
And there, on equal Terms, was forc'd to live.
Every thing wore the face of War;
And we at Home cloſe Priſoners were.
Like a young Infant, of his Friends bereft,
And to accurſed Guardians left,
Its poor defenceleſs Innocence is torn;
To every one a Prey, to every one a Scorn.

Thus

Thus *Iſrael* mourn'd her Fate; 'till I aroſe,
Whom All-wiſe Heaven for this high Task did chooſe:
Leaving my Palm-tree Shade, an humble Seat;
From Miſery and Noiſe a bleſt Retreat.
I fixt her giddy State, ſo long abus'd,
And by proud *Jabin*'s Iron Scepter bruis'd;
I thro' her dying Parts new Life and Soul infus'd.

VI.

But yet, 'twas ſtrange, *Religion* ſtood,
And 'ſcap't the Univerſal Flood:
'Twas paſſing ſtrange, maugre this noiſy Rout,
War ſhou'd make Men more Devout.
They who alone did worſhip but one *God* before,
Now only they all Gods adore.
Before their Conquerors they fall;
And next, upon their Conqueror's *Gods* they call.
Curs'd Fate! That made 'em at one Stroke forego
Their Soul and Body too.
To the grim *Baal*, and horned *Aſhtaroth*,
And all the foppiſh Pageantry
Of black Idolatry,

They pour their faithleſs Souls and Prayers forth.
Plain muſt the Object of their Worſhip be:
They ſcorn to kneel to any *Deity*,
But what they may both feel and ſee.
No more to that *Unutterable Name* they pray,
That led 'em with a Mighty Hand,
Thro' the wild Deſarts parched Sands,
And ſcatter'd ſlaughter'd Nations in their way.
Their Father's Courage, and their Father's *God*,
Joſhua's fell Sword, and *Moſes*'s ſacred *Rod*,
Are now forgot, can now no more Impreſſion make:
They want new Miracles to buoy their ſinking Faith.
To *Hazor*, the proud *Jabin*'s Seat, they bend,
As to the *Mother-Church*, and there their Offerings ſend.
They fetch'd the old caſt *Gods* of all the Country round:
They worſhipp'd all that cou'd be made or found;
And Deities were bought and ſold,
Like other Ware, like Spices, Balm, and Gold.

VII. Thus

VII.

Thus the offended *Monarch* of the Skies,
From *Pagan* Altars ſaw their Incenſe riſe;
Their Worſhip tender'd at a Foreign Shrine;
In curſed *Moloch*'s Fane their Offerings ſhine:
And cou'd no longer hold; but with a Parent's Care,
Took up the Rod, and did for War prepare,
To bring the Truant *Iſrael* to an humble Sence
Of Duty and Allegiance.
Commiſſions ſtrait were iſſued out,
To all the willing Nations round about.
We in our Walls, by leaguering Troops, were barr'd;
They at our very Gates kept Guard.
We treated were juſt like a common Foe,
(For he that fights 'gainſt Heaven, muſt be ſo.)
Mark't out by Heaven for Ruin, thus we lay;
And learnt (too late, Alas!) the right Way how to Pray.
The frighted Pleader left the Bar,
At the grim Approach of War.

The awful Judge, who Juſtice doth diſpence
Within our Gates, was often forced thence.
He often ſtop't a Cauſe,
To hear the Trumpet's threatning Noiſe.
In our faint Breaſts a chilling Fear there reign'd;
Of Blood our Veins, of Arms our Magazines were drain'd.
We cou'd not boaſt a Sword, or ſerviceable Pike;
Bondage had canker'd o'er our Souls and Arms alike.
Accouter'd ſo, our Troops for Fight prepare;
As when a ravenous Wolf is near,
And with his well-known Sound alarms
The Villagers, and calls to Arms.
The affrighted Swains came out, and on the Hills appear;
Some Goads, ſome Flails, and Plow-ſhares bear;
Some Axes, knotted Clubs, and Darts,
With all thoſe rude and innocent Arts,
With which our plain Fore-Fathers armed went,
'Fore Death, ingenious grown, worſe Engines did invent.

VIII. For

VIII.

For ever bleſs'd, and ſure they bleſſed are,
(For Heaven will ratifie my prayer)
Thoſe glorious Chiefs who bore the heat
Of this days toil, and ſweat,
When *God* and injur'd *Iſraels* wrongs obterg'd;
In Honors Bed they rather choſe to lye,
Than tamely and inglorioufly dye;
Than wait the Stone, the Gout, or Fevers lingring ſiege.
In that great Roll of Warriors which is hurl'd,
By babling Fame, around the World.
What place ſo e're,
Of *Moſes* ſhall or *Joſhua* hear;
In the ſame rank theſe Worthies ſhall appear.
In each black wound their glutted ſwords did give,
As in well written Lines, their Deathleſs Names ſhall live.
Fame will to after times ſhow 'em without a blot:
Nor ſhall unworthy *Deborah* and *Baruc* be forgot.
Now we from Blood and War have got a full Releaſe;
Say, who reaps not the fruits of Peace?

The

The universal good
By all is own'd, is understood.
Speak, you, who Head our Tribes, and bear a Princes Train;
Your Scarlet Honors cannot now complain
Of a double dye and stain.
No more your Sons as Guards are forc'd to wait
Upon the Tyrants State.
Your beauteous Daughters now no more are fain to be
Slaves to his Pride and Luxurie.
What ever Earth, or Air, or Seas afford,
Now your well spread Tables load.
Before, your very Water in great charges stood;
We once were forc'd to buy it with our Blood.
In vain through secret Sands the Chymist Nature strain'd,
And for our use the Ocean drain'd.
Our Wells and Springs were at the Conquerors will,
And at a distance thus they strove to kill.

IX.

All things are chang'd, and wear a different face,
The frighted Judge reſumes his wonted place;
And War no more does Property deface.
The labouring Peaſant on his Team does wait,
Nor fears being *Preſs'd* for Service of the State.
Upon the pleaſant Hills the Flocks again do ſtray;
The Shepherd tunes his Pipe, and ſees 'em play.
Now War, that hungry Wolf, is dead,
All other fears are with it fled.
To his thatcht Cell the Villager repairs,
And there with rural paſtime drowns his cares.
No more his mid-night ſleep is broke by loud alarms
Of Trumpets, claſhing Swords, and rattling Arms.
Traffick, and all the train of peaceful arts do thrive:
Now Wars obnoxious weed
Is gone and withered;
Which wou'd before let nothing by it thrive.
Such ſtrange tumultuous joys we hear.
Such noiſy Triumphs thro' our Tribes are ſhown,
As in a Fort or walled Town;

After

After a tedious Ten months Siege appear:
Out run the Rabble at the widen'd Ports,
And fall to Songs, and diſcontinued ſports.
Secure they tread thoſe paths, which not a Moon ago,
Lay cover'd with a threatning Foe:
With pleaſure, point, and ſay, along this Coaſt
Lay all the mighty *Jabin*'s Hoſt:
Here ſtood his Guards, and there the General's Tent;
And here his Armed Chariots went.
The Air ſhall undiſturb'd with groans remain;
The blooded Rivers ſhall no more complain;
No more ſhall ſtreaming Gore the Verdant Meadows ſtain;
But Air, and Floods, and Earth its head ſhall rear,
And joyful as our looks appear.

X.

Deborah, ariſe, and let thy numbers flow
Briskly, as thy enliven'd ſpirits do:
Begin thy hallow'd ſtrains,
'To *Hazor* bear the ſound:
Let nothing there but grief abound.

Strike

Strike all the Hills, echo it o're the Plains;
Then *Iſrael* too will joyn, as in a well tun'd Quire,
And all with general joy inſpire.
Thus the ſhrill Harbinger of day,
Upon himſelf does firſt eſſay.
Clapping his wings, he wakes himſelf, and then
Rouſes the World and ſleeping Man.
The *Sun* in all his Rounds cou'd never boaſt,
A gladder day; not when the *Pharian* Hoſt
'Fore the Myſterious *Rod* of *Moſes* fell.
Not when bold *Joſhua* ſent five Kings uncrown'd to Hell.
Ill fortune, like the Clouds above,
From clime to clime does ſhift and rove.
Long has it ſtood o're *Paleſtine*,
Engendr'd with loud Storms and Rain.
Now the big-bellied Fate to *Midians* sky is flown,
And there has broke, and there amazing terror thrown.
Oh, how my labouring breaſt does team
With the tranſporting Theam!
So where *Abinoam*'s God-like Son does wait;
Here, mighty *Baruc*, take me for thy War-like mate.

Thus

Thus hand in hand we'll bravely move;
Crown'd with Victory from above.
Now, now our Triumphs are begun:
War, like a tamed Lyon, by our side does run.
Thus when two silver Currents do combine,
And in their journey to the Ocean joyn:
The thirsty Meadows feel the welcome Flood and are
With drinking, fresh and fair.
The joyful Hind stands on the River side,
And blesses still the rowling beauteous Tide.

XI.

Now are our conquering brows with Lawrel bound,
With Monumental Arms our Walls are crown'd
And Oh! may they hang still, for ever there be kept
Useless, as when within the Mine they slept.
At slavery and wounds the heated Souldier laughs
And unbought Wines in his full Helmet quaffs.
The Aged Parent creeps to meet his darling Boy
Come reeking from the Chace,
But dyes in the embrace:

His feeble ſpirits ſink beneath the weighty joy.
With holy Songs our Virgins to the Altars preſs;
And there aloud proclaim
The Hallow'd Name,
By whom our Wars are huſh'd, or ſoon in Victory ceaſe.
With bended Heads the *Midian* Nobles wait
Upon the ſolemn Pomp and State.
The curſed *Pagan* ſpoils are doom'd to fire,
In the ſame flames their Vaſſal'd *Gods* expire.
Tabor a glad ſpectator was of this days fight:
Tabor beheld the Tragick ſight.
With numerous Deaths ſee how the Mountain ſwells;
See how the ſlaughter'd Troops enlarge his Hills.
At his extended Foot the Echos play and ring:
The Valleys, ſtuck with Corn, rejoyce and ſing.
Midian's unbounded ſpoil
No longer mocks the Plowman's toil:
Till the ripe Harveſt now uncrop'd they ſtand;
Nor fear being torn by the rude Souldiers Hand.

XII.

Go on my bleſt Inſpired Strains, and ſay,
Who ſhar'd the Glory of this Day:
In mighty numbers ſing each Tribe, and Name;
This Task does challenge all the Lungs of Fame.
The willing *Ephraim* led this Sacred Band;
The *Benjamite* muſt next in Honour ſtand:
In the ſame Rank place *Iſſachar*;
His Tribe alone a War:
Out-ſtep't his Princes at the Trumpet's Call;
Baruc, the Noble *Baruc*, was their General.
The Odds, which Fate did give, he ſcorn'd to take;
But did the Hills forſake.
Hills ſo vaſtly ſteep and high,
Tho' the ſpik'd Chariots of great *Siſera*,
With Wings, inſtead of Wheels, had cut the way,
They ſcarce cou'd thither fly.
Next in the War-like Dance,
Does *Napthali* advance.
Not far behind, ſee *Zebulon*
Comes marching bravely on.

Bold *Zebulon* laid aſide the Thirſt of ſordid Pelf:
Bold *Zebulon* lov'd his Country as himſelf:
He ſcorn'd the paltry Tyes of Gain or Blood;
So well he underſtood
The louder Voice of Publick Good.

XIII.

In our triumphant Army's Rear
The Scholar, and the Scribe appear.
With eager Steps, and a diſorder'd Pace they come,
Quitting their living Tomb;
Where they for many Winters buried lay,
And only had been taught to Read and Pray.
They oft had heard of Fights,
And ſuch unuſual Sights;
Oft in the compaſs of a Page,
Seen Armies furiouſly engage:
At Speculation's duller Trade they'd been;
But never yet the Practick ſeen.
They throw away their Pens: Hence, hence, then fooliſh Quill;
Of Blood and Death give us our Fill:
A ſcaly Gantlet now, with Joynts of Steel,

Muſt glove our Hand; and thus we'll Slaughter deal.

With this we'll Blows, as thick as Hail, diſpence,
And Souldiers in a Day commence:
As glorious Things we'll act; as much we'll dare,
As thoſe have ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip in War.
And more than this; We can record the bloody Scene;
And what our Swords have fought, can blazon with our Pen.

XIV.

But, Ah! what binds the Hands, or does controul
Diſpirited *Reuben*'s niggard Soul?
To thee, with Sighs and Tears, our Widow'd Land repairs:
Theſe idly blow,
Theſe idly fall:
The Sea and Winds as ſoon would liſten to our Pray'rs.
Does ſervile Bondage Charms and Magick wear?
Are you ſo fond of Slavery and Pain?
Or is there Muſick in your Chain,
That now 'tis offer'd cheap, yet Liberty you fear

Wher

Where are the Men, that ſaw the *Pharian* Tyrant die;
And, with their Conquering Arms, thro' Sandy Waſtes did flie;
Tho' fiery Serpents ſtrow'd their way,
And *Anak*'s Off-ſpring, Monſters worſe than they?
In vain, fond Men, we count our Victories;
Poſterity will take 'em all for Forgeries and Lies.
Our lank and ſickly Veins
None of their generous Blood contains.
Our Cowardize has taught our Neighbours not to fear:
What We of old to them, now They to us appear.

XV.

Full Twenty times the labouring *Sun*
His yearly Round has gone;
And ſtill, ignoble Souls, we're found
With *Midian*'s undeſerved Fetters bound.
Gilead, *Manaſſes!* Oh, accurſed Theam!
Whoſe happy Lots are faln by Beauteous *Jordan*'s Stream.

Look on that heap of Stones, which in the Flood,
For many Ages now, a Miracle has ſtood;
And learn once more to truſt the ſelf-ſame *God.*
Aſher and *Dan*, like Slaves of Buſineſs, toil;
Follow their Trade, and ſordid Gain,
(Oh deathleſs Shame, immortal Stain!)
Whil'ſt all around, the Foe their Country tears and ſpoils.
So a mad Pilot, when the Waves run high,
And threatning, dare the very Sky;
When every Billow ſhews a gaping Grave,
Runs from the Helm, a Cheſt or Trunk to ſave:
A mighty Sea comes on, and ſwallows all;
Miſer and Pelf go down together at one Fall.

XVI.

But theſe perhaps may 'ſcape the Rod
Of an avenging *God:*
Theſe are innocent and free,
Meroz, if compar'd with thee.
On thee our Stock of Curſes we muſt ſhow'r.
Curſe *Meroz*, (ſaid ſome Heavenly Power.)

The

The Hills around that ſtood,
Took the glad Sound, and ſtruck it on the Neighbouring Flood.
Oh baſe Neutrality!
From thy curs'd Battlements, with careleſs Eye,
Contending Armies thou could'ſt ſpy;
As in a Theater, gaze and point at us beneath,
And laugh at our amazing Scenes of Death.
A narrow compaſs ſure thy Soul does own;
Man for himſelf was ne'r deſign'd alone.
Heaven does by us, as here by Lamps is done;
They ſhine for themſelves, but ſtill diſpence
Their welcom Influence,
And do the Buſineſs of the abſent *Sun*.
Nature for every Grain
Of Beauty, Worth or Excellence,
That She beſtows upon her Favourite, Man;
Still, like a thrifty Goddeſs, does deſign;
And cries, the Glory ſhall be mine.

XVII.

Every thing here below is priz'd, and underſtood,
As it comes near an Univerſal Good.

When the Sea, that Watry Foe,
Its Cup does over-flow,
We take the Hills, and there ſecurely lie,
And all its fruitleſs Rage defie.
So when our beggar'd Land denies
Its uſual Supplies,
Of Corn, and Fruits, and Plenty's ſtore;
The kind Waves take our Ships, and bring us more.
Thus Man to Man is link't by pure neceſſity;
And he that mutual Succors does deny,
To all the World 'tis plain,
The half-ſoul'd niggard Fool wou'd break the Chain.
May all the Ills that *Iſrael* ever knew,
Or has deſerv'd; may theſe, and thouſand more,
That Heaven, for ſinning Man, reſerves in ſtore,
Be thy accurſed Due.
Rot may thy very Name, that late Poſterity,
Shall doubting ſay, Where did this curſed City lye?
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis done; no more repeat;
They're heard, like Prayers, and Heaven has made 'em Fate.

XVIII. Down

XVIII.

Down came the *Midian* Hoſt, with all their Travelling Gods,
And like a Torrent did our Land beſtride:
Confederate Kings, like mingling Floods,
Swell'd up the mighty Tide.
In the firſt Rank did ſtand,
Of Voluntiers a fiery Band,
And all the unſettled Humors of the Land.
They took no Money, had no Pay;
Their Fortunes in their Scabbards lay:
So that, who e're for Fight did firſt prepare,
We were to pay the Charges of the War.
Megiddo's Waters ſaw the frightful ſight
Of a rude Hoſt, ſo terrible and bright;
And to their Mother-Streams they haſted in a Fright.
Five hundred rowling Carrs, with Spikes and Iron bound,
Came on, and as they paſs'd, they furrow'd all the Ground.
The baſe retailing way of Death they did diſown,
And now they came to mow whole Armies down.

XIX.

The War-like *Sisera* in the Van appear'd,
By *Hebrew* Mothers so long curs'd and fear'd:
He smil'd to see our wild disorder'd Rout;
For sure 'twas never for a Fight cut out.
Look here, ye *Midian* Chiefs, (he cries)
Cast round your willing Eyes;
Do but behold yon poor and starved Band,
How like the Husks and Shales of Men they stand.
This meager Host will scarce afford
Work enough for all our Swords:
Scarce Blood enough their sickly Veins contain,
To give each naked Spear a Stain:
See, their Executors, the knavish Daws, appear,
And still, with watchful Eye, keep in their Army's Rear.
Ye Slaves, attend the Terms that mighty *Jabin* gives;
And from our Hands receive your forfeit Lives.
No *Moses* now, nor *Joshua* is here,
To save you from our all-avenging Spear.

Go Home, fond Men, beneath the Palm-tree's Shade,
There attend your War-like Maid:
There ſit, and liſten to thoſe Laws,
That We, your gracious Conquerors, will impoſe.

XX.

In ſuch vile Threats the railing Tyrant ſpoke.
But *Baruc* did high Heaven invoke:
God's Arm ſtrike with Us; 'tis a fearful Odds:
Yet the *Eternal Power*,
Whom we adore,
Alone ſurpaſſes all their numerous Rout of *Gods*.
Think not to Day, *Great God*, O not to Day,
We humbly pray,
On our Fore-Father's guilty Times;
Or the additional numbers of our Crimes;
Wherein We, their forward Sons,
Our ſinning Fathers have out-done.
He ſpoke, the Armies joyn'd; but, Oh, ſurprizing Sight!
It never cou'd be ſtil'd on th' *Midian*'s Part, a Fight:

But

But as if a fearful Damp
Had by ſome *Angel*'s Hand been ſcatter'd through their Camp.
On ſuch cheap Terms they ſold the Victory,
As if they came but to be ſlain, and die:
With furious haſte their Chariots backward preſs'd,
Mowing whole Squadrons as they paſs'd.
How many Images,
Which had by *God*, and *Midian* Fathers been
Twenty Years and more a faſhioning,
Were in a moment torn, defac'd and ſpoil'd?
The Roads and Fields were ſtrown with Limbs of Man and Horſe;
Theſe Arts of Death the Inventors ſelves now Curſe.
Fond Men, ſo witty grown
To their own Deſtruction!

XXI.

All the Fraternity
Of Elements, Fire, Water, Earth and Sky,
In a joynt Conſpiracy,
Haſted to divide the Prey,
And ſhare the Glory of this Tragick Day.

Kiſhon,

Kiſhon, that antient Flood,
With pouring *Cataracts*, ſwell'd of Rain and Blood,
Finding his peaceful Journey home
Diſturb'd, began to rave and foam;
In a wild Rage, he let his Sluces out,
And ſwept the Field, and haraſs'd all the Plains about:
Down the glad Tide went Baggage, Horſes, and Infantry,
And help't t' increaſe the Riches of the adjoyning Sea.
Heaven kept its Word, and all its Forces brought;
Beneath our Banners, warring *Angels* fought:
Each took his Charge; ſome threw whole Sheets of Flame;
Arm'd with Thunder, others came.
Some at as ſad a Task had been,
All to enhance the diſmal Scene.
Levies of howling Winds, they there convey'd,
Which round their Head fearfully roar'd and plaid.
The rowling Fires above their baleful Influence ſhed,
And hung, like bearded Comets, o're their Head:

And all the Help they from theſe Tapers have,
Was but to light 'em to their Grave.
In vain we ſpent our Strokes, the Work was done,
And Heaven finiſh'd what we had begun.

XXII.

Now, my bold Song, thy higheſt Strains command;
And thus enſhrin'd, let *Jael* ſtand.
Jael, great Glory of our Sex,
If to thy Name we wou'd be juſt,
Thy deathleſs Worth ſhou'd never mix
With common Numbers, or with common Duſt.
Whole *Jael* ſhall not die; my well-tun'd Song ſhall ſave
The greateſt Portion of her from the Grave.
When *Iſrael*'s ranſom'd Land
Shall ceaſe to underſtand,
What's meant by Plenty, Peace and Liberty;
Then, not till then, thy Fame ſhall die.
Our *Hebrew* Virgins ſhall Embalm,
In Annual Songs, the mighty *Kenite*'s Name:
With Joy and Wonder read thy Story o're;
And thence inſpir'd, greater ſhall act, and more.

The

The *Midian* Dames, at mention of thy Name, ſhall fly,
And with it ſtill their Children, when they cry.
Oh, bleſſed be that Hand, that made the Whole!
Oh, bleſſed be the Heart, that did the Hand controul!

XXIII.

Glorioufly ſmear'd with ſordid Duſt and Sweat,
As to a kind Retreat,
Into her Tent the wretched *Siſera* preſt;
The new-drawn Blood lay reeking on his Helmets Creſt.
Her Board with choiceſt Country-Viands ſpread;
With pleaſant Looks her Face, ſhe beg'd him feed:
And all to cloak the Pious Cheat,
And from ſuſpicion skreen his black impending Fate.
But now to Reſt inclin'd;
Sleep to its Temples did its Leaden Plummets bind.
Through his diſtracted Brain ſtrange Images did rove,
A thouſand gliding Phantoms move:

He

He ſaw the Field, with Armed Troops, o'erſpred ;
His Men, like Leaves in Autumn, faln, and ſcattered :
The Battle was again fought over in his Head.
Thus whirl'd in Fancy's Airy Coach,
He paſs'd by various Things, and various Fates ;
Downfal of Men and States.
Something, at laſt, there did approach,
In an imperfect Viſion's gloomy Scene ;
It look'd as if his own ill Fate 't had been,
With this ill-boding Sight, unruly grown.
Away his drowzy Chain he wou'd have thrown ;
But Sleep lay heavy on him, as afore :
For Fate had ſaid, *Sifera* ſhall wake no more.

XXIV.

Into her willing Hands
Strait ſhe commands
The little Inſtrument of Fate :
But Fear, our Sexes Curſe, her Courage did rebate.
How ſhall I ſuch a bold Act eſſay
Againſt the World's great Captain, *Sifera* ?
What

What if my trembling Hand ſhou'd miſs the Stroke,
And his unruly Soul the Fetters looſe,
In which dull Sleep the *Hero* does encloſe;
What Plagues and Furies muſt I needs provoke?
His Troops perhaps do this way fly,
May reach my Tent before the Tragedy:
Then tho' the wild Attempt be ſolely mine,
Revenge will light on every Branch of *Heber*'s Line.
By this one Stroke
All Hoſpitable Laws are broke:
Came he not hither as a Friend?
Cannot that Thought ſome Pity lend?
Begone Relentings, which as Miſts ariſe,
And fain wou'd cloud this Glorious Enterprize.
Shall I a League with that curs'd Man commence,
Who to *Heaven*'s *King* owes no Allegiance?
Jael, be great in Act, as thou haſt been in Thought;
That Heart will aid, which firſt the Motion brought.
Our Sex to Pity is inclin'd:
'Twas Heaven the Project firſt deſign'd;

From

From thence, from thence it came:
Such a bold Thought wou'd ſhake and ſtagger
Woman's Fame.
The groaning Widows Cries, methinks, I hear;
The Shrieks of raviſh'd Virgins ſtrike my Ear:
Our Sex the Tyrant ne're wou'd ſpare.
T's but one Man (a mighty Man) that's loſt;
What's that to all our Blood and Coſt;
To all the Lives this Monſter's Sword can boaſt?

XXV.

Bare and expos'd he lay; a tempting Sight,
That a leſs daring Hand might e'ne invite.
She look'd around her, leſt ſome ſtraggling Page
ſhou'd come,
And change the Fatal Doom.
Forbear, ſaid ſhe, hard-hearted *Jael*; do;
Theſe bloody Acts befit not you:
With that the Inſtrument of Death away ſhe
threw.
But noble, manly Anger ſoon
Bid her purſue what ſhe had once begun.
The Blood, by *Midian* ſpilt, her ſtaggering Cou-
rage fir'd;

And the Black Scene of all her Country's Woes
appear'd.
Shamgar and *Ehud* to her Thoughts repair:
The Inſtance pleas'd; with that ſhe ſmooth'd a-
ſide his Hair.
Thus having quell'd the doubtful Strife,
The fatal Hammer hovering o're his Head,
The Imperial Seat of Life;
Great *God* of *Iſrael*, guide my Hand, (ſhe ſaid.)
Betwixt his Temples pierc'd the willing Tool;
And at the little Vent came out his mighty Soul.

XXVI.

There lie, thou bloodleſs Remnant of great *Siſera*;
To ravenous Beaſts and Fowls a Prey;
As greedy once of Blood, as they.
Cheated by Fate, trepann'd, deceiv'd;
Of Life's laſt Stake by a Woman's Hand bereav'd.
Unhappy too in this; Thou ne're muſt know
The feeble Hand, that gave the Blow.
How ſmall a thing, well manag'd by our *Fate*,
Can open thro' Life's Golden Gate,
And all our vaſt Deſigns defeat?

Where be the fawning *Peers*, that cring'd and bow'd?
Where be the thronging Troops, that hemm'd thee round?
Where be the Chariots, which ſo many Death once bore,
That a deſtroying *Angel* ſcarce has more?
Ill-natur'd Fate, that can't afford
So much as one poor Page t' attend his dying *Lord!*
To the cold Ground he lean'd his bending Head,
As if his liſt'ning Body wou'd
Full fain have underſtood,
Which way the Soul, his deareſt Mate, was fled.

XXVII.

Surrounded with her beauteous Maiden Train,
Which thither did reſort,
To ſee and make the Glories of the *Midian* Court
Sate his proud Mother, rack't with preſſing Pain:
A Civil War her labouring Breaſt maintain'd;
And Joy and Fear, by turns, the Empire gain'd.
As when two adverſe Winds, upon the Sea,
Diſpute for Victory;

The Wat'ry Plains are haraſs'd with their Shocks:
All curſe theſe Stormy Foes, Ships, Seas and Rocks.
Oft, from her Palace Top, ſhe caſt an eager Look
Over the Plains, till the arched Heaven took
Her bounded Sight; but yet her Fancy ſtray'd;
Her anxious Thoughts a farther Journey made.
Why ſtays my Son? where is his loytering Hoſt?
This Victory perhaps much Blood and Sweat has coſt.
Deſpair has arm'd theſe rebel *Hebrews*, ſure,
That they durſt more than juſt his Army's ſight endure.
No: His clogg'd Chariots the vaſt Prey does load;
'Tis that retards him on the Road.
They ſlowly move with a Triumphant Grace;
And come but juſt a Conqueror's pace.
Hazor, throw ope thy enlarged Gates; prepare
To meet the God of War.
Hung round with Spoils, hither his Troops does bend:
Thoſe old *Ægyptian* Tenants, to vile Slavery born,
In Crowds the Solemn Pomp adorn,
Hazor, prepare to ſhare the mighty Dividend.

Now *Jewiſh* Virgins ſentenc'd are
To ſigh whole Years away in Foreign Air.
And the rich Births of all their *Hebrew* Looms,
To Us unbought, unpurchas'd come.
For Us, like painful Bees, they work and toil:
We have the Crop, whoe're manur'd the ſtubborn Soil.

XXVIII.

Thus, thus let all
Unpitied fall;
And ſuch be ſtill the Doom, and worſe,
Of thoſe, whoſe impious Threats are driven
Againſt the invulnerable Clouds of Heaven;
Who dare pull down the Eternal Vengeance of its Curſe.
Who fights with Heaven, and wou'd *Aſſociate*
His Fellow-Creatures, 'gainſt the Eternal Mind of Fate,
Shoots up an Arrow in the Air, and ſtrives
Upon their Fountains Streams to drive;
The Dart deſcends, the Stream flows back again,
And mocks the vain Projector's fruitleſs Toil and Pain.

And thus it needs muſt be,
When weak Mortality;
When wretched Duſt and Aſhes, poor contending Man,
Wou'd the great Mover's Counſels contradict and ſcan.
The loweſt Claſs of Inſects, in ſome Senſe, may vie
With the Cœleſtial *Hierarchy:*
The vileſt Worm may call the *Angel*, Brother;
Their Pedigree deriv'd does ſtand
From the ſame great Artiſt's Hand:
He that made One of Earth, with Light dreſs'd up the Other.
Thus theſe Extreams of the Creation
Meet in a ſingle Point, and join;
And thus admit of ſome Compariſon.
Thus, thus let all
Unpitied fall;
And ſuch be ſtill the Doom, and worſe,
Of thoſe, whoſe impious Threats are driven
Againſt the Invulnerable Clouds of Heaven;
Who dare pull down the Eternal Vengeance of its Curſe.

But the Great *God* has Bleſſings ſcarce enough in ſtore,
For thoſe who, with an humble Senſe,
With a well-temper'd Confidence,
Fear where they love, and love where they adore.
May ſuch an equal Race of Glory run
With yon *Meridian Sun*,
Who never leaves aſpiring, till he has reach't his Noon.
And, Oh! Ye pious Souls, a farther Journey go;
And, like him, ne're Declenſion know.

MIRACLES,

MIRACLES,

Works Above and Contrary to

NATURE.

Occaſion'd by the Publiſhing of a Book,

Entituled,

Miracles no Violation of the Laws of Nature. 1682.

---*Fiunt non hæc ſine numine Divum.* Virg.

I.

WHen that bold Hand of old did Fire convey
From out *Jove*'s *Arſenal*, where ſtill does lie
All his Materials for Mortality.

Daring Attempt! to animate his well-wrought *Man of Clay!*

This Vital Fire, which After-times call'd *Soul*,
Within its Earthly Dungeon pent,
Grew quickly weary of Impriſonment:
The *Body* ſcarce cou'd its new Gueſts controul.
Tho' this Corporeal Seat was beautified
With all things, both for Uſe and Pride;
Several fair Rooms the gentle Artiſt made,
In which he wondrous Skill diſplay'd;
The Heart, the Liver, and the Brain,
Which might the Heaven-born Soul contain;
Which with their Beauty might her wand'ring Thoughts reſtrain.
Five Port-hole Senſes too he made,
By which all Objects were convey'd:
So that what ſtill abroad was done,
Was within as quickly known.
What-e're was taſted, ſmelt, ſeen, felt or heard,
As ſwift as Thought it runs
Thro' winding Paths, and ſecret Turns;
And to the Soul's remote Apartment ſtraight repair'd.
But yet for all this ſeeming Pomp and State,

Which

Which on the fair Inhabitant did wait,
In ſcanty Bounds her Empire was reſtrain'd;
Meaſure the Man,
Six Foot of Body, and a Span,
Her vaſt Dominions did contain.

II.

No: She wou'd often break her ſolitary Cage,
And in a curious ſearch engage.
Thro' all the Regions of endleſs Day,
She took her painful way:
Thro' the wide Courts of all the Starry Sky;
Thro' Nature's darkeſt Cells ſhe'd fly;
Where Cauſes and Effects do brooding ly.
Still homewards wou'd her piercing Fancy rove,
And commune with her kindred, Souls above:
Thro' all the World's Myſterious *Maze* ſhe'd ſtrole;
But ſtill was out a Priſoner on Parole.
Hence 'tis, we find in Man ſuch Thirſt, and ſtrong Deſire,
Into the hidden Depths of Nature to enquire.
What Rarities ſoe're the Ocean breeds,

What-

Whatever Earth within its Womb contains;
On theſe with careful and unwearied Pains,
His vaſt unbounded Appetite he feeds:
Whether the World were made by Fate or Chance?
What makes the *Spheres* keep their well-meaſur'd Dance?
What makes the fixt Stars look ſo bright?
Whence 'tis they borrow their large Draughts of *Light*;
Which, with a bounteous Hand, they throw
On all benighted Beings here below?
What Torments 'tis the Clouds do undergo,
When with their Cracks they ſcare us Mortals ſo?
What makes 'em bellow out, and roar?
Theſe, and a thouſand more;
All the choice Work of checquer'd *Nature*'s Art,
The Soul purſues through every Nook, and ſecret Part.

III.

But when through all the windings, turns, and folds,
Through Plants, Beaſts, Stars, and all her ſtrongeſt Holds,

Nature

Nature is trac'd, and now run down:
Her doubling Arts and Tricks muſt quite diſown:
Here 'tis the ſcanty Soul of Man is at a fault;
Various things ariſe,
Of which the reaſon ſhe can ne'r deviſe:
So muſt the reſt by *Nature*'s *God* be taught;
For the *Eternal Mover* has thought fit,
Nature, his Viceroy, bounds to ſet,
Which ſhe can ne'r tranſgreſs or skip:
Her Tedder ſhe can never ſlip.
(And as he ſaid once to the raging Sea.)
This be thy Goal, let this thy utmoſt journey be:
Theſe various Arts play o're, theſe ſhapes put on.
Be it thy Task alone
Thunder to form, and Winter's howling Storm;
Which all the nether world alarms.
With Subterranean Fires the Sea diſtil;
Then into Fountains let it trill.
Pick though the fleecy Snow, and ſcatter Rain;
And 'twixt all ranks of things the well-knit League maintain.
Of thy great ſway this is utmoſt Verge;
Further thy Limits ſee thou ne're enlarge:

For

For *God* has thrown a duskey Vail o're all
The things we *Miracles* call:
That Ark of *Myſteries* he cover'd keeps:
The ſaucy Mortal dyes, who into't peeps.

IV.

For tell me, Nature's *Sage*, who looks ſo wondrous Wiſe,
Whence ſprung that glorious Star,
Which did our *SAVIOUR*'s way prepare:
That with ſuch ſtreaming Rays was lighted in the Skies?
This ſerv'd to fill with Learned cares
The *Eaſtern Sages*, and Aſtronomers;
They were confounded at the new born *Light*;
The *Stars* themſelves came wondring to the ſight,
Now in the Sea they ſaw a Star unknown, ſo bright.
Say, What was that that fetter'd up the Flood,
When the great *Hebrew Guide* thoſe ſecret journeys trod?
What was the cauſe, I fain would know,
(You that to Nature's Idol ſo do bow)
What made the Shade run back
Upon the *Dial*'s *Plate*, and its old rode forſake?

Time,

Time, to all other Men, is Bald behind;
That Pious Soul alone ſure hold cou'd find.
The glorious *Charioteer* of *Day*,
At the bold *Hebrew Chief*'s Command,
On *Gibea*'s Mount once made a ſtand;
Here he quite turn'd his Coach, and drove another way.
Pale Nature ſtartled at the bold deſign,
And her approaching Fate cou'd eaſily divine.
The Weſtern Sea wrap'd in confuſion ſtood,
No more cou'd hope to ſee him plunge into its flood.
The frighted *Perſian* trembled for his non-pluſt *God*.
The ſecond cauſes of things here below,
And Hand-maid Nature's Arts, is all that Man can know;
But he that further ſtrives to penetrate
Into the winding Chambers of Eternal Fate,
And wou'd peruſe that *Brazen Book*,
In which dark Regiſter no Mortal e're ſhall look;
Th' Almighty pitying this his ſearch ſo vain,
Or angry at the pride of frail ſhort-ſighted Man,
With various wiles his prying thoughts does fool,
And through a maze of terrors leads his wandring Soul.

A

DIALOGUE

Between the Two

RIVERS,

CHAM and ISIS,

ON THE

KING's Dissolving the *Oxford* PARLIAMENT.

Written, May, 1681.

CHAM.

HAIL Sacred *Nymph!* the best beloved of all
The *Goddesses* that croud great *Neptune*'s Hall.
Why,

Why, gentle *Iſis*, tell me, does thy Flood,
Impetuous grown, begin to rage ſo loud?
I ſee its frowns in ſurly Billows riſe,
And grumbling Waves complain in doleful wiſe.
No Verdant Green thy Temples now can boaſt:
Thy Ruſhes all are ſcatter'd, torn and loſt.
With grief and rage thy glowing Eyes do burn,
And on the Bank lies thy negelcted *Urn*.
Say what's the cauſe, quickly declare thy harms.
Does ſome proud *River-God* reſiſt thy Charms?
Or did ſome *Sylvan* naked thee eſpie,
Whilſt in a flaggy covert thou didſt lie.

ISIS.

When the Sun leaves our Clime, and haſtens down
To view the *Indian* World, and there to crown
His ſtrict Adorers hopes, we ſee him reel
Into the other Earth; and ſoon we feel
(Through want) the Bleſſings which he once did bring.
The Tenants of the Air refuſe to ſing,
And after him to the other World take wing.
Old Nature's ſelf, does faint and drooping lye;
Half the Creation's juſt about to die.

My

My *Cæſar* gone; I ſtraight did overturn
My *Pitcher*, and caſhier'd the empty *Urn*:
I bid my Waters drive without their guide;
Which ſwelling, ſtraight run roughly by my ſide.
With furious haſt the head-ſtrong Waters mov'd,
Laſhing the ſounding Shores as they did rove.
I tore my Chaplets off, and ſaid aloud,
(My flaming Eyes hid in a watry Cloud)
How ſoon the Heaven of my joy's o'recaſt?
How ſoon my ſhort-liv'd Glory's gone and paſt?
This world no laſting ſolid good contains,
But like a gloomy Winters day remains;
Beſet with Cloudy Suns, and falling Rains.
How ſtrange a damp my thriving hopes ha[s]
croſs'd?
Is this the only thing that we can boaſt,
That once Great *Charles* was ours? Had we no
charms,
But he muſt ſtraight be raviſh'd from our Arms
By that proud *City*? Thus of old great *Jove*,
With all the Cavalcade of *Gods* above,
To the Black *Æthiop* did a viſit pay;
Where, like fond Mothers who their Babes o're-
lay,
The Sun diſplays too powerful a Ray.

For

For twelve days ſpace they regal'd him with Fumes
Of Southern Spices and diveneſt Gums,
And then with all his Court he left their ſhore,
And made that Hell which was an Heaven before.
Oh curſed Faction's black ungrateful Mind,
Thus with their very *Maker* to contend!
His Gracious Reign all their Enjoyments gives;
To his forgiving Hand they owe their forfeit Lives.
Look but on me, and there your duty read,
You Rebel *Dathanites*, who every day
My Tax of Waters to the Ocean pay,
To the kind ſource from whence my Stream is fed.
Curſe on my Stars, that mock'd my ripening *Joys*,
They ſaid *Be bleſt*. My currents murmuring noiſe
Stood ſtill, and all my Silver-winged Fry
(As if they'd heard it too) ſwam gladly by:
When now, as if my Fates were laviſh grown,
They ſnatch my *Charles*, and with him all is flown.

CHAM.

Hold, fooliſh *Nymph*, forbear thy groundleſs moan,
What though this *Pomp and painted Cloud* be gone?

A quiet ſolitude, and calms of Reſt,
With their bleſt Train do now enrich thy Breaſt.
Content in Camps or Courts was never found,
Where all with noiſe and tumult does reſound.
In humble Grots and Cells ſhe loves to lye;
From thronged Palaces the baſhful *Nymph* does flye.
I ſaw thoſe ſhoals of Boats thy floud beſtride,
Whilſt Men, as thick, ſtood wondering by the ſide.
They on thy Captive Neck did proudly lye,
I ſaw and griev'd thy *Glorious Miſery.*
None of thoſe things my eaſe does vex and rack:
No Royal Veſſel plows my Aged Back.
Free from theſe ſtately ills, I gently glide,
Cloſe by the Melancholy *Student*'s ſide:
Who oft me *Tagus*, oft *Pactolus* names,
And to my Streams courts the *Aonian* Dames.
He ſees my purer Flood, and well does know,
Set by my Banks his Laurels needs muſt grow.
Our Schools and Colleges, the *Muſes* Seat,
No Courtier ranges with his Gouty Feet;
His Oaths and noiſe the *Fop* ne're belches here,
Nor in our empty Desks does ſtrut and ſtare;

Driving

Driving those little Insects from our Hive,
We in the *Muses* shade securely thrive.

ISIS.

I call the *Gods* to witness all, how proud
And glad I was to bear the Pompous load
Of Ships and Boats, that did my Waters grace:
I kiss'd the Keel that furrow'd on my face,
I scarce with half the joy
The Mandates of dread *Neptune* did obey,
When all of us were summon'd to convey
The *Mother* of the *Gods* to th' *Latin* shore.
(For I was there, and no small part I bore
In that great *Entry*, with those famous three,
Cymothoe, *Arethuse*, *Callirrhoe*.)
But now like some forsaken *Nymph* I lye,
Whom all her Lovers scornfully do flye.
No Ship lyes rocking on my swelling Flood
With Canvass wings expanded o're my head;
All's clear and unfrequented, as the Sea,
After a sweeping Storm is wont to be.
No Waves of crouding people pass our Street,
But an eternal silence every where you meet.

The *Nine* their great *Apollo*'s loſs bemoan;
For him the Hills, for him the Woods do groan.
The ſtately Buskin now no more the *Muſe* will wear:
In humble Elogy her pains ſhe does declare.
Like Men in *Greenland*, now our Sun's once ſet,
A tedious live long Night uſurps its ſeat:
Upon its flaggy Wings old Winter comes,
And every where through this black Empire roams:
Binds up the Brooks, and does the Floods benum.
The pretty purling Streams for ever muſt be dumb.
Our *Orator* and Grave *Philoſopher*,
No ſence now in their Books can find, they ſwear;
The *Poets Lyre* touch'd with one ſingle Ray
Of our Great *Charles*, before would ſweetly play;
Divinely Sing of *Hero's* and of *Kings*;
The uſeleſs thing now on the Willows hangs.
Thus *God-like* Kings with Heaven ſeem to ſhare
In that its great Prerogative; when e're
In wrath they ſpeak, upon their Lips deſtruction hangs,
And winged ruine waits their dread commands.
Well: I cou'd ne're Great *Charles*'s loſs ſuſtain,
But that I in my Flood each Night behold his Wain.

A

POEM,

Writen on the occasion of the

THANKSGIVING-DAY

FOR THE

DISCOVERY

OF THE

Phanatical Plot,

September 9. 1683.

Hic genus antiquum terræ, Titania pubes,
Fulmine dejecti, fundo volvuntur in imo. Virg.

I.

OUR State-Convulsions had of late so chang'd
The *Muse*'s Empire; through her Countries rang'd;

Had drown'd her ſweet and tuneful voice
In Pamphleteering Scriblers croaking noiſe.
I in a rage threw by my Quill, and vow'd
A ſullen ſilence with th' unthinking crowd;
Ne're more in Sacred Verſe to traffick or delight,
When lo! the fair *Britannia* appear'd in ſight.

II.

No weeping ſhowers had ſtain'd her Heavenly Face,
Nor her torn Hair impair'd her Native Grace:
No Tempeſt had o'recaſt her ſight;
Her eyes were rather drunk with light.
Nor was She mantled in Grief's Sable dreſs,
As when ſhe mourn'd o're the Great Martyr's Hearſe;
But Majeſty with charming ſweets allay'd,
Was in her looks, which did at once perſwade
And force; ſcarce ſo divine the Queen of Love,
When to the *Phrygian* Boy in *Ida*'s Grove,
Naked ſhe ſtood: My ſence with wondrous Art
Run o're the whole, yet ſeem'd to dwell on every part.

A thin light Veſt her beauties ſtrove to hide
In vain: through th' ſilken Cloud, with glorious pride,
Her brightneſs broke; ſhe ſtood and ſmil'd a while,
Then in theſe pleaſing accents did revile.

III.

And does my Loyal Slave ſupinely lye?
So ſome poor Sinner ſleeps away a *Jubilee*.
Does he no joy nor ſence betray,
While vaulting Flames around him play?
While the whole circuit of our *Iſle* is crown'd
With flames as great, as in the Skies are ſhown
When the Sun, blood red, goes down;
And with huge tracks of light the *Horizon* fringes round.
But now
I ſaw two *Comets* tilting in the Air,
Their griſly Mains woven with flaming Hair:
A thouſand ways with reſtleſs pains they went;
Th' embowell'd Fire, in their cloſe Entrails pent,
Made 'em to rage: ſometimes they run and miſs'd,
Then turning ſtop'd, and at each other hiſs'd.

At last they shot through th' Air, and did retire,
Leaving behind 'em a long path of glowing Fire.
The gazing crowd pleas'd at these harmless Wars,
Lodg'd with their louder cryes the falling Stars.
So to th' *Hesperian* Shore each Night the Natives crowd,
To hear *Sol*'s hissing Wheels plunge in the *Western* Flood.
So sets the Sun, and so fell they.

IV.

Our flaming *Isle* does *Scaldis* Banks amuse,
Who asks from every mingling Wave what news.
Some say, a *burning Mount* they fear;
And others straight set down the Year.
The trembling *Dutchman* never wonder'd more
Since *Drake* his Fire-ship through the Channel bore.
The scattering light gilds all the watry way:
The Fishes think they in the Sun-shine play.
Yet unconcern'd, like Snow on *Ætna*'s top,
Amidst these flames can'st thou so thoughtless sleep?
Assume thy Lyre; to *Albion*'s fires, this day,
A blameless, pious *Nero*, thou mayst play.

With

With that she took her Wand, that all commanding thing,
And gently touch'd my Lips, and thus she bid me sing.

V.

It was that *Halcyon* Age
When Loyalty and Fortune did engage
In a blest Conspiracy,
To make our Land forget her former misery.
The *Martyr'd Sire* was dead,
And *Charles* the Second Reigned in his stead.
Great *Charles!* whose Noble Veins
As Princely Blood contains:
In whom as many *Royal Houses* met,
As in the Heavens e're *Astronomers* cou'd fancy yet.
A *Prince*, whose Youth in Courts abroad was bred,
And there with Arts and Manners fashioned.
(Like his *Incarnate Lord*)
His own dear Land did not afford
A place to lay his Exil'd weary Head;
And there he this Oraculous Truth was taught,
Friends best when try'd, Experience best when bought.

VI. At

VI.

At his Illuſtrious Return,
Our Widow'd Land left off to mourn:
And as the cheerful Morning's Light,
After a tedious ſtormy Night,
Looks briſk and gay, and with freſh Joy does ru
To meet and welcome back the Riſing *Sun*.
Peace, Plenty, and the Arts, with all their Beaut
ous Train,
Did peep abroad, and everywhere abound;
Which now entomb'd had lain
A tedious Night of twenty Winters under ground
Fortune to Pity now enclin'd,
Forgot to be unkind,
Left off to vex our Earth,
With civil Diſcord's monſtrous Births.
Mars did no longer ſtain fair *Albion*'s Face,
But fled to his Beloved *Thrace*.
No noiſe was heard of broken Leagues or Wars;
And Love uſurp't upon our Home-bred Jarrs.
Neptune's ſelf was now content,
Since *Charles* left thund'ring in his Element;

Sinc

Since he enjoy'd the Sovereignty
Of the Aſſerted Sea.
The *Britiſh* Oak rid *Admiral*
Among the floating Foreſt; every Sail
Paid Homage to this *God* o'th' Watry Main;
And Foreign Fleets, like Pleaſure-Boats, made up
his Train.

VII.

Our Mother-Iſle, bleſt with her Young Ones, lay,
And ſeem'd to put the other Earth away:
So lay *Peru*, with all the *Weſtern World*,
Before the greedy *Spaniard* dream't of Gold,
In rich *Potozi*'s Mines.
Rome and *Geneva* off we flung;
And all that *Romiſh* was, except the *Tongue*.
When all the World beſide blind *Monkiſh* Error led,
And Pure Religion, frighted, from it fled;
Our Land leap't up, and, like another *Delo*,
The wand'ring Goddeſs took, and us'd her well.
Their ſubtle Pedlars of Divinity
Had all pack't up their Wares; no Bigot Knee
Bow'd yearly at St. *Peter*'s ſacred Gate;
Nor at *Loretta*'s thronged Shrine did wait.

Their

Their *Agnus Dei*'s no rich Fleeces gave;
They ne're of late cou'd in our *Engliſh* Paſtures thrive.

VIII.

Thus againſt all the open, fore-ſeen Bolts of Fate,
Firmly we had ſecur'd our State;
'Gainſt *France* and *Holland*'s Pride, and reſtleſs *Tiber*'s Hate.

But as the Fruit, which long has ſtood,
Maugre the nipping Froſts, and Winter Blaſts,
By ſome home-bred Worm, at laſt,
Is canker'd, and is withered;
Pale Faction ſaw, and curs'd our bleſt Eſtate;
They ſaw themſelves dethron'd, their Power abate.
Thus from Ambition's Root ſprung all their Diſcontent;
They now repent
Of that *Bleſt Prince*, whom Heaven, and their own Choice, had ſent.
Diſcarded Lords, Prieſts, Atheiſts, all were met,
And in private *Junto* ſate:
The dexterous *Achitophel*,
(That word alone contains an Hell)

Among

Among the Boldeſt did appear,
And briskly took the Chair:
The bloody *Senate* ſate, the Crippled Thing
Rais'd himſelf, and thus began.

IX.

Contemn'd, ſcorn'd, trampled on, and nothing made!
Thus by a weak and Puny *King* out-brav'd!
From Honor's Pitch, to vileſt Drudgery thrown,
By a poor Thing, a *Creature of our Own!*
Too far oblig'd, our Worth he can't repay;
And ſo like dangerous Tools we're thrown away:
Fore long, perhaps, muſt ſhare a *Turkiſh* Fate,
And Life and Honours loſe
By Axe, or Hempen Nooſe,
Leſt we reveal the Secrets of the State.
What Mortal Men, that Souls, like ours, do own,
Cou'd ſee the Care of Government and Laws,
The Honours both of Sword and Gown,
On thoſe vile Wretches heap't and thrown,
Who are Deſerters of our *Holy Cauſe?*
Yet ſo it is; Upon his Bed and Throne

Theſe

These Villains wait, and hang, these damn'd *State-Burrs*,
And entertain the Monarch's leisure Hours;
To such an height the Turn-coat Slaves are grown.
Unlike to me, I thank my Stars, who ne're
Wou'd court that Childish Toy, a *Monarch*'s Ear;
Unlike to me, who this great Tenent boast,
I always hated what was uppermost.

X.

Can we so tamely all our Right forgo?
Or is the Lechery of Ambition,
And all the luscious Sweets of Power to us unknown?
With full Command we reign'd here once, we know;
Can we so soon forget our Prosperous Fate,
When we, with Pious Cheats, *Unking'd* the State,
Cullied the *Monarch* of his Sting and Pow'r,
And sent the useless Drone to beg from Door to Door?
But now we're come to murmuring *Israel*'s Pitch,
Because our Hands once got Rebellion's Itch,

Like out-law'd Felons we muſt ſtand,
And ne're enjoy Preferment's *Promis'd Land.*
No, no: 'Tis but another *Charles* that's loſt;
And if He live, our brave Deſigns are croſt.
By the old tedious Road of *Juſtice* we
Scorn to procure his Deſtiny;
The Second *Charles* muſt fall a bolder way;
A Gun ſhall do the Work; nor give him time to Pray.
He ſpoke, and threw his baleful Eyes around:
Bravely Reſolv'd! thro' all the willing Court reſounds.
The Helliſh Voice down to the Center ſtrook;
Infernal *Jove*'s black Palace ſhook:
The Furies for this joyful Hour prepare,
And ſtraight threw Hiſſes round the Air:
They lean'd their hungry Jaws, and ſtood
Longing to gorge and wanton once again in *Britiſh* Blood.

XI.

But their blind Rage begot ſo vaſt a Birth,
At laſt, they wanted Strength to bring it forth.
Like the fam'd Man, who did of old to Heaven aſpire

In

In flaming Coach, and 'ſcap't Mortality,
(That Ditch, which in the middle way did lie);
Our *God-like Monarch* was preſerv'd by Fire;
And Heaven rever'd his Doom; the Gun recoil'd,
And its proud Planter with loud Ruine foil'd.
Thus when Earth's curſed Race with Heaven made War,
And ſtrove to fool the *Thunderer*;
Daring *Typhœus* claſp't the Mountain's Waſte,
And furiouſly he tore it from its Baſe:
The bleating Sheep upon the Top did feed,
The harmleſs Cattle low'd in ev'ry Mead.
At firſt he ſtagger'd with the Mountain's Load:
To ſee Hills upward move, ſcar'd every *God*.
But, in a trice, it cruſh'd him, and his Grave did prove;
He heaving lay, and curs'd the *Gods* above.

AN EPITAPH

On the late

E. of S.

BEneath this Turf of Graſs does lye
The *Good Old Cauſe* and *Antony*:
Tony, a Judgment ſent by Heaven's Command;
Tony, the Prince Elect of *Fairy-Land*;
The Golden Calf of the unthinking Crowd,
Before whom each blue-apron'd Stateſman bow'd.
Finding his Pious Cheats won't do
In this our World, he's gone to Hell below;
And there he vends his Politicks in Faſhion,
To *Corah*'s Tribe reads his *Aſſociation*;
Flying the Rod of injur'd *Majeſty*,
He croſs'd the Seas for *Goſpel Liberty*,
Of hatching Treaſons, and embroiling States.
But lo! the Juſtice of the Eternal Fates:

The Dutch, whom he to ruine once had doom'd,
Saw him and all his little arts entomb'd;
There's nought to fear but this now, come the worſt,
Leſt from his buſie factious duſt,
Pent within his Country's Womb,
An after-Earthquake thence ſhou'd come.

THE

THE TOWER of *LONDON.*

On the Commitment of ſome Great Perſons.

FOR Stones to ſpeak, is not a flight ſo high,
Is no great miracle in *Poetry*;
E're ſince *Amphion* once did call
The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
All our whole Off-ſpring have been Muſical.
I am the great Phyſician of the State,
And the Commands of my dread Maſter wait;
Whoe're of this great Family I ſee
Oppreſs'd with ſome uſurping Malady,
My Soveraign Doſes ſtrait I do prepare,
For them good Diet and a better Air,
Who ſtanding on the giddy heights of *State*,
Are grown light-headed, and ſo tempt their fate;
With ſome mild Med'cines work, ſome deſperate be,
And them I cure by a *Phlebotomy*.

I am the Haven of Security
To thoſe that long been driving on the Sea
Of factious Courts; 'twas here our *Raleigh* found
Experience, Learning, Health, in ſhort, firm ground
When all abroad nothing but wrecks appear'd
Of floating Stateſmen; he ſecurely ſteer'd.
Entomb'd in me he full twelve Winters paſt,
And here his mighty Pen he drew at laſt;
Here he cou'd ſafely at *Guiana* touch,
Nor be afraid of *Spaniard* or of *Dutch.*
A greater Man my Walls did ne're enrich,
Since my own *Julius* here his Camp did pitch.
Here reſtleſs Spirits at laſt center'd be,
Their motion ſpent and tir'd, they fix in me.
Thus 'tis; theſe are the *Airy Caſtles* all
Build to themſelves, who Plot their Country's fall
Now harmleſs as my uncharg'd *Cannon* are,
So tame theſe *Sons of great Intrigue* appear.

Religi

Religio vi & armis non eſt propaganda.

I.

NO, no, I'm ſure it cannot be,
What e're the bloody *Jeſuit* crys,
That ſuch a gentle Deity
Should take delight in humane Sacrifice;
Let *Scythian Dian*'s Prieſts ſuch notions teach,
Such ſavage Doctrine the wild *Brachman* preach;
Whoſe craving God muſt every day be fed,
With humane ſteam and gore muſt every day be pampered;
Whoſe Altars with theſe poor recruits they ply,
To lengthen out his Immortality.

II.

Religion takes a different courſe,
She wants no Arms or outward force,
With ſecret Charms ſhe does unlock
The inmoſt Rooms and Chambers of the Soul,
With Swords and Racks in vain ſhe trys to ſhock,
Or reaſons nobler power controul,

By parlee and capitulation
The Mind's Imperial *Fort* is won;
Like lightning ſhe unto the heart can pierce,
The outward caſe yet ne're the worſe.

III.

Religion is a *lambent Flame*,
Gentle and calm its influence;
Within her Family ne're *Zealot* came;
With him ſhe never could diſpence,
Whoſe blind *Enthuſiaſms* hot deſire,
Would make a man believe,
That, *Perſian* like,
All his *Religion* he had plac'd in Fire;
The effects of ignorant and miſty zeal
(Drawn into errors Bogs and Fens we feel)
Where it is wont our reaſon to benight,
So ſhews it carrys heat without a ſpark of light.

IV.

When Heathen *Rome* with Heathen *Britain* warr'd,
Honour and not *Religion* was the ſtake;
This was the Game their *Eagle* did regard,
For this its humble ſtoops did make;

The painted *Britain* then might fall
Before his Fathers *Gods*, and on 'em call:
Our *Sacred Things* they let alone,
Nor forc'd us change our *Gods* of wood for theirs of ſtone.
This *Rome*'s *Arch-flamen* never did deſire,
This cruel task ne're at our hands require,
That as our Coin a *Cæſar*'s *Head* did bear,
So our *Religion* too the *Roman* ſtamp ſhould wear.

V.

If the Sword can Converts make,
And then the Faggot and the Stake,
There's no more powerful argument;
I now ſhall think there's ſomething in't,
When next I ſee th' *Apoſtles* pictur'd ſtand,
Some Swords, ſome Saws, ſome Axes in their hand.

A SHORT SATYR AGAINST KEEPING.

1.

TELL me not what the rage of Poets is,
Who of their promis'd Pence and Glories miss;
When venturing out their ſtock of Rhime and Wit
To Fame's wild Coaſt, they'r bauk'd the third Days hit:
Or what the curſt ambitious Stateſman feels,
Who thunder-ſtrucken downwards headlong reels;
Or what the Pleader feels that's turned or'th' Bar,
Or the black Hell that caſhier'd Favorites bear.
This is too poor, with greater I'd ingage,
And with ſteel Whips of furies laſh the Age:
Come then, lead on, do thou inſpire my Pen,
Juno! poor injur'd *Queen* of *Gods* and Men;

For

For *Jove* cou'd not restrain his lustful Soul;
He (Poets say) was the first *Keeping Fool*;
He first of all the Stallion *Gods* above,
Rambling from home in *Masquerade*, made Love;
At *Athens*, *Sparta*, *Dele* he us'd to kiss,
At every stage he past, he kept a *Miss*;
Wives, Virgins, every Female he assay'd,
And the whole World one great *Seraglio* made.
Great Princess! with such keen Revenge inspire,
Fill all my veins with such a restless fire;
As when from fair *Alcmena*'s Breast you tore,
The Bastard which to *Jupiter* she bore;
As when at last you made the spurious Fop
Pay for his Fathers sport on *Æta*'s top.
With this, and more, arm thou my stabbing Quill;
Envenom'd thus, the Arrow needs must kill.

II.

How strange a Slave? how fond and dull a Fool
Is he that deals and parcels out his Soul
Twixt *Wife* and *Miss*? so shuns a chaste embrace
To court the gaudy Pageant of a Face;
Say not 'tis Love, 'tis Lust divides the Man
'Twixt what he wou'd, what lawfully he can;

Pure

Pure Love does in one constant current swim,
Lust cuts a Chanel, and lets out the stream;
In Lust and Love we see the difference,
Betwixt a *Tyrant* and a *Lawful Prince*;
The Sympathy of Love cements the Soul,
Wanting this stay from Plagues to Plagues we rowl.

III.

But in this freakish Age, of all the worst,
(Since our whole race was for a Woman curst)
An honourable Love we flout and spurn,
This Fire can't in our colder Regions burn;
Led by a wandring and fantastick flame,
We act o're Lusts, which we want words to name.
Marriage! I that's the word; 'tis never spoke
But we strait fall to crossing, or invoke
Some *Angel*, or the Deity to defend
From that infernal out-of-fashion Friend.
If in the *Gordian* Matrimonial Knot,
Against his will, perhaps, the Man be got,
Hopes of great Friends, or Pence have drawn him in,
Within three days to cool he doth begin;
Love's raging Calenture is pass'd and o're,
And his pulse beats as even as before;

His

His Love ebbs out, and Lust flows in as fast;
Whate'e is violent can seldom last:
He breaks the Damm in which he was inclos'd,
And to the common rout of Waters flows;
He straight begins to damn the pall'd delight,
New Kickshaws now must raise his appetite;
Any Salacious Bitch that is at hand,
That Oaths, or Prayers, or Money can command;
An old cast Mistress now will serve the turn,
To quench those flames in which he frys and burn.
The *Jilts* their little arts, like sawces, use,
The tir'd and nauseate taste to disabuse;
And garnish'd Poyson does more grateful come,
Than a course cleanly dish prepar'd at home.
These are the modish *Sparks*, who still complain
That step-dame Nature does all men restrain;
That none injoy a bliss so defæcate and good,
As those that savage run about the wood.

IV.

Our Grandame at one clap the World did shamm,
And these her Daughters do by piece-meal damm.
Below the Navel no Religion,
This for a standing truth they know and own;

Thus

Thus arm'd, from every age they gather ſpoils,
From twelve to fifty fall into their toils;
The old decrepit Lecher, one wou'd think,
Shou'd now at laſt leave off to Whore and Drink,
Beneath the weight of Claps and Years ſhou'd ſink;
But Luſt, like generous Wine, does ſtronger grow,
And ſtill with age its ſprightly force renew;
The Snow upon his candid Locks appears,
Within, he flames, as great as *Ætna* bears;
The haraſs'd Bawd has her *quietus* paſs,
And the old jaded Horſe is turn'd to graſs;
Tir'd, not yet conquer'd, he muſt work and ſlave
To feed his Luſt, as hungry as the Grave;
His worn out joys he fain would ſtill repeat,
A brace of Whores his aged ſide muſt heat,
As in a Feaver we lay Pigeons to the Feet.
Theſe rampant *Minxes* have enſlav'd the Town,
From *Weſtminſter* to *Cornhil* all's their own.
Theſe not ty'd up to honours nicer rules,
Pleaſe far beyond thoſe ſqueamiſh Virtuous Fools,
Who are ſo corded to a Marriage Bed,
Nor have the trick to ſell a Maiden-head,

Twenty

Twenty times o're : in these light Vessels all
The *Sparks* of Court, and Town are wont to sail,
Whilst Virtuous Wives, like sluggish Ships of Trade,
Move slow, for Profit, not for Pleasure made.
The *Paradise* of every forward Fop,
From *Bully* down to *Fore-man of the Shop.*
The Merchant's Man upon his Madam waits,
Not two Years serv'd, he needs must pass these Straits.
These *Coolers* (rot 'em) are expos'd and shown
When my young Master's Worship comes to Town.
The Country *Squire* does strait to nibling run,
Once enter'd, soon grows lewd, and is undone.

V.

What e're the great Reformers of the Age,
Dryden and *Lee* can say, those Preachers of the Stage,
Or mighty *Oldham's* keen Satyrick rage ;
Spight of all these, the grand *Debauch* does live,
As some Men do for railing, better thrive.

Dryden,

Dryden, good Man, thought *Keepers* to reclaim,
Writ a kind *Satyr*, call'd it *Limberham*.
This all the herd of *Lechers* ſtrait alarms,
From *Charing-Croſs* to *Bow* was up in Arms;
They damn'd the Play all at one fatal blow,
And broke the Glaſs that did their Picture ſhow.

THE

THE PENITENT.

Boötes just had lodg'd his drowsie *Carr*,
And all the scatter'd seeds of light from far
Began to move, and crowd their ranks to fill,
When first they spy'd *Sol* on the Eastern Hill,
Who driving briskly o're the *Azure* way,
Whipp'd on the sluggish morn; in plain, 'twas Day:
I wak'd, and wonder'd how I had slept in pain,
My labouring Breast did furious Wars maintain;
The out-works of my heart beleaguer'd stood
With sighs and throbbing pains, my circling Blood
Beat quick, and trembled at the unequal strife
Betwixt the proud Disease and strugling life:
Whilst the dull Cent'nels of my Senses slept
(Surcharg'd with Wine, and from their duty kept)
Through the unguarded Ports the Foe did start
To the Pavilion Royal of my Heart;

I thought

I thought at first to let the sluces out,
And so to drown the Country round about;
In vain alas! so strange a *Pleurisie*
Was never cured by *Phlebotomy:*
At last I found it to be *Love*, and that
My froward Heart cry'd, nor yet did know for what;
Love's *Magick* vanish'd thus from 'fore my Face,
I saw a thousand *Cupids* in the place;
Each bore a little shield, on which appear'd
Whole show'rs of Tears, and Hearts with Blood besmear'd;
This Army led by *Venus* and her *Boy*
(She had forgot the Wound she felt at *Troy*)
I search'd my Heart, it was all o're one Wound,
Quivers of bearded Shafts I sticking found;
Smiling, I shall not now I see, said I,
Love's *Martyr*, but a Malefactor dye;
I laugh'd at *Cupid* as the Poets Creature,
And swore his Mother had not one good Feature,
Blasphem'd his Power, his *God-ship* I defy'd,
Bid the *Boy* do his worst; and thus I cry'd;
I call'd his Votaries all whining Fools,
Who stood to that blind *Archer*'s Laws and Rules

The Slave ſome pleaſure at the Oar may find,
His Body chain'd, yet free as Air his Mind:
But who Love's Gally towes, through Seas of Tears
And *Hurricanes* of Sighs his Paſſage ſteers;
I play'd the Traytor with this *King* of hearts,
Expos'd his ways, and all his little Arts,
I vow'd I'd toſs the *Phaeton* from his Chair,
Who wrapt in Flames ſets all the World on Fire.
I yield, Ye mighty Powers of *Love*, I yield,
No longer able to maintain the Field,
My ſtubborn Soul gives way, the day's your own,
My frozen Heart diſſolves before your Sun;
A dreadful Victim to Love's *God* I'm made,
With Lightning ſcorch'd, with which before I plaid;
Forbear your eager Darts, I beg, leſt ſo
My heart you ſcarce from your own Quiver know.
A ſad ungracious Rebel I have been,
And long bore Arms againſt Love's Sovereign *Queen*.
Now, like ſome Sinner, my paſt life I mourn,
And like him ſtraight grow wiſe, repent and turn,

My heart within its Urn ſhall hourly ſtrive
To keep *Love*'s gentle Fire ſtill alive.
Clorinda's Name ſhall be the charming Air,
She in my Songs the only part ſhall bear,
On her fair Body I'll my Altar raiſe,
And there each Morn and Evening ſacrifice.

THE

THE WOOING.

I.

MAdam, for God's ſake what d' ye mean to do?
This (like the *Perſian*) is to buy, not woo;
I'm frozen to a Statue, while in vain
Under your Window I declare my pain,
And yet my inward flame the briſker burns,
The all-ſurrounding cold to fuel turns;
So that an *Ant'periſtaſis* I ſee
In *Love* as well as in *Philoſophy*.

II.

Heaven's twinkling Hoſt are mask'd in Clouds,
Darkneſs and Night each lovely Object ſhrouds,
Loud *Boreas* hears me call you cruel-fair,
And to his Brother Wind the ſound does bear;
Yet led by Love's falſe dancing light I rove,
Through thickeſt Cold and Night I blindly move,

Th' officious Winds themſelves conſpire the ſame,
And with their Wings ſerve but to fan my Flame.

III.

Madam, I ſwear, if you but once will break,
From Bed the rev'ling Winds no more ſhall ſpeak,
But to their broken Priſons ſneak.
Terrour and Night ſhall march away,
Like Spirits at the approach of Day,
Through th' Caſement of my Breaſt your Eye Beams hurl'd,
Shall make it Day too in my leſſer World.

The Fifth Ode of the Second Book of Horace *imitated.*

PRethee, for ſhame thy paſſion hide,
The thing's too young to make a Bride,
I can't deviſe what this wild fancy means,
The Girl's but juſt now got into her Teens;
Doſt think yon tender, untry'd Neck can e'r
Endure Love's pond'rous Yoke to wear?
Not ripe for ſport, nor yet for action fit,
How ſhou'd her humour with a Husband hit?
Shou'd you your eager Flames but try,
And all Love's mighty *Doſe* apply,
The o'rcharg'd Girl wou'd in the Combat dy.
With it the puling Maid cou'd ne'r diſpence,
The luſcious Sweets wou'd overcome her Infant ſence.
Keep her at *Hackney* or at *Iſlington*
A Year or two before ſhe comes to Town.
There by the Mother of the Maids ſhe'll be
Soon tutour'd in the hidden Myſtery,
There ſhe'll be taught new ſtudied Arts and Charms,
And come a full-blown Bride into your Arms.

Take her abroad, and walk her in the Fields,
And let her see what teeming Nature yields;
Show her the lovely Cow how 't's milk'd, that ca
Perhaps her fancy raise, and make her think o
Man.
For every thing it's time and tide does know.
When did you see ripe Grapes at *Easter*, trow?
It is a sight with us exceeding rare,
But they are plenty at the *Fair*:
Stay till the Vine has had the Summer-Sun,
And Autumn's brought it to perfection;
The bladder'd Grapes shall then in Clusters bend,
And to your taste its racy Liquor send.
She'll soon write *Woman*; for Time's partial han
Takes from your Glass, and adds unto her Sand.
Now make your court, my life for yours,
She'll briskly answer your amours;
Now draw down all Love's grand *Artillery*,
And Night and Day your Leaguer ply,
Now Sigh for Sigh she'll give, and Vow for Vow
And learn to toy and wanton well as you.

O

On two Lads *unfortunately expell'd the* University *for a* Riot

I.

COme, dearest *Timon*, prethee let's be gone,
And quit this lov'd, ungrateful Town;
If the mad Tempest will not cease
Till we th'angry Gods appease,
'Tis better thou and I shou'd dye
Than the whole Ship's Company;
If nought but humane Sacrifice
Will satisfie these hungry *Deities*,
With the fam'd *Curtius* boldly plunge into the *Cave*,
And Death and all our peevish Fates out-brave;
'Twas *He* the mighty *He* alone,
Who did the sins of a whole Host atone:
Death unmask'd to him did come,
He living rode into his Tomb,
The mighty Debt alone *He* paid,
It took him in its hungry Jaws, and so the Plague was staid.

II.

Over the Univerſal *Ball*
Undauntedly we'll move,
Where'r the fleeting Goddeſs Fortune calls,
Until at laſt ſhe conſtant prove;
Like *Birds* of *Paradiſe* we'll daily live
(For ſure none like theſe happy Creatures thrive)
With mutual enjoyments bleſt,
Ever loving,
Ever moving,
Till we find a place of reſt.

III.

See where our better *Genius* goes,
A happy Guide and Partner in our woes,
See how the loving *Phantom* glides along,
Leaving behind a gloeing track of light,
To be our Convoy through this gloomy Night,
Through want, diſgrace, and all th' ignoble throng.
But lo! the diſmal Scene appears;
What's this that ſtrikes my eyes, alarms my ears?
I ſee drawn Swords and Drums; a Camp no doubt;
Away, I hate this curſed bloudy Rout;

As

As *Pallas* over Arts presideth there,
So here the Goddess wields a Spear,
That even in a Camp, I'm sure,
The *Muses* Sons might be secure,
But nothing here appears but bloud and wounds,
And I abhor what looks like Scarlet Gowns.

IV.

See where the cheating *Citts*, and supple Courtiers (stand,
Those *Locusts* of our pleasant Land,
Go forward, pass 'em all, and never stop
Until you reach *Parnassus* flourishing top,
Cambridge one side o' th' forked Hill commands,
Upon the Other *Oxford* stands;
Here, here, we'll lay our wearied heads,
By gentle *Isis* Banks and verdant Meads
We'll sit and tune our tender Reeds.
What surly *Cam* wou'd ne'r allow,
We to this beauteous *Nymph* must owe;
Our longing Souls we'll in her Waters drench,
And at her Floud our thirst of Learning quench.

On three Ladies, *who going abroad in* Masquerade *met with some* Bullies, *drew and fought 'em; in the Fray one of the* Ladies *was desperately wounded,* 1683.

I.

ROmantick *Dames!* who dare disown,
For Sword and Perruque, Petticoat and Gown;
In ancient times thus a bold Son of Fame
Wou'd imitate *Jove's* Thunder, and his forked Flame,
The God with scornful smile the Wretch surveys,
And posts a *Counter-bolt* to end his days.
Patroclus thus *Achilles's* Arms wou'd wear,
Tickled and proud the ponderous Shield to bear,
The *Trojan* Captains soon espi'ed the Cheat,
So the Fool dy'd only for seeming great.

II.

'Tis much, *Old Boy*, to thy brave hand we owe,
A Secret rare and choice it did on us bestow,
A Woman's flinty Breast with Streams of Bloud does flow.

Before

Before we thought 'em all Divinities,
And as we do to other *Deities*,
Beſotted Fools! were *Aliens* wont to adore.
But now the thing is better underſtood,
We find they're nothing elſe but Fleſh and Bloud.

III.

Wounded! nay then I'faith I find
We're all deceiv'd in Womankind.
The *Poets* in their uſual Tone
Cry Womens hearts are made of Stone;
But we need never now deſpair,
Though whole Quarries ſhould be there,
To paſs theſe *Alps* a way is ſhow'd us here,
Without the help of Fire and Vinegar.

IV.

Thou hadſt, *Old Soul*, a lucky hand,
For now we plainly ſee the New-found-Land
Of Womans heart, which in paſt Ages lay
Like *O Brazile* or *Terra incognita*.
A Womans heart is Love's *Acropolis*,
Where like ſome *Mountain-King* he lies,
Secur'd by Froſt and Snow from Enemies;

Pride,

Pride, scorn and cold disdain, Menial Servants, waits,
And foolish bug-bear Honour keeps the Gates;
Thy piercing Sword without delay
To *Love*'s proud Bulwark forc'd its way,
And though thou hast not ta'n the Town,
Yet all the Out-works are thine own,
So very near the Walls you came,
That the unguarded places you can name,
That you cou'd now securely see
Where she might best assaulted be,
A blest Discovery no doubt,
For Women after this can never long hold out.

V.

Unhappy *Lady*, to expose
A Life, which rather than you e'r shou'd lose,
I my self to dye wou'd chuse!
But why shou'd foolish I such pity show
To that curst Sex, who none for man does know?
Man daily falls a Sacrifice,
And wounded by their Witchcraft lies,

Yet

Yet not one ſigh or falling tear,
Not one kind Beam does e'r appear,
Their dying Worſhipper to cheer.
But ſtill with ſcorn and taunts they do abound,
And ſo throw Salt into the rankling Wound.

VI.

In Women ſtill this fighting freak does reign
From *Troy*'s fam'd Wars, down to the *French Campagn*;
For Mother *Venus* (as the Story goes)
Once ventur'd out againſt her *Grecian* Foes:
That ſhe was breech'd and booted, 'tis not ſaid;
But this is ſure, She went in *Maſquerade*.
The *Grecian* and the *Trojan* Huffs
Were helter skelter faln to Cuffs,
Like Light'ning on the foremoſt Ranks ſhe flew,
But in a Camp 'las what ſhou'd Women do?
She ſoon was ſpied by *Bully Diomed*;
Who at firſt touch e'n ſet her on her head:
He drew and cut her through her Gauntlet-Glove,
And ſent her whining to her Father *Jove*:
Yet ſtill we ſee her Daughters love the ſport,
Though once their Mother paid ſo dearly for't;

But

But somewhat strange it seems to be,
And e'en a Riddle is to me,
That *Venus* naked all men does o'rcome,
And now well-arm'd should meet so sad a Doom.

VII.

My little *Female Bully*, what design
Had'st thou in this odd Garb and warlike Mein?
Arm'd with dire Steel, why wouldst thou e'r appear?
Thy hands were made to weild another Spear:
In Love's soft Battels you may Glory win;
But here to think to do so is a sin:
Nay, if we will believe some Writers Pen,
One Woman there's too hard for twenty Men.
Now I'm not so much a Sot,
But can with ease find out your Plot;
By sin you lost your Empire and your sway,
And now wou'd fain retrieve the day,
Well then! pray thus let me decide the Fray:
Trust me, 'twill be a far more glorious Prize,
Lay by these Arms, and conquer with your Eyes;
Only let Man be Master in the Streets,
And you shall always beat between the Sheets.

A

POEM

ON THE

Prince's Marriage.

Ut gaudent Pater Æneas, & Avunculus Hector.
Virgil.

I.

ALmighty Love! who can thy ways define?
Thou ſmall intrieguing God, thou 'rt all deſign;
Thy Quiver and thy Darts are farther known
Than the gay wandring Bow which in the Clouds is ſhown;
Thou keep'ſt the Gods themſelves in awe
By thy Univerſal Law;
Jove, though amidſt his ſtores of Rain and Hail,
Againſt thy ſecret Flames can nought prevail,
Thou breakeſt through his Guards, and with thy Dart
Doeſt pierce the groaning *Monarch* to the heart.

Neptune,

Neptune, though all around with Waves oppreſt,
Yet by the Ocean finds his Love encreaſt,
Like water that on fire's caſt.
Nay, thou beyond the *Tropicks* canſt approach,
Where *Sol* in all his Journey dare not touch;
Let it be *Torrid*, or the *Frigid Zone*,
There an Empire thou doſt owne,
Which wou'd both *temperate* be,
Were it not, bold God, for thee.
Denmark, which lies remoter from the Sun,
With as brisk Flames, we find, as *Britain* burn.
O Love, thou weakeſt part in Souls the moſt Divine!
Againſt the Prince's warlike Breſt
Firſt againſt His eaſe and reſt,
By practis'd Arts and tricks thou didſt deſign;
He own'd thy power, and never ſtay'd,
But thy Godſhip ſoon obey'd;
Led by thy light through rolling Seas He mov'd
To meet his *Royal Love*.
He fear'd no Rocks that lay between,
So that within her Breaſt none cou'd be ſeen;
He fear'd not all the ills from Seas and Winds cou'd come,
So that her breath did not pronounce his fatal Doom.

Thus

Thus *Vesta's* Flame it self did once maintain
Through the black Deep, till it the Port did gain,
Till it at *Rome* had reacht the *Sacred Fane.*
Nor did he long expect his Doom,
He did but come, and see, and overcome;
By Parlee, and Capitulation,
In ten days space her Virgin Fort was won.
An easier Conquest *Jove* cou'd never boast,
No Mistris ever stood him in less cost;
When cloyster'd *Danae* he wou'd gain,
To bribe her Keepers he was fain;
With Gold his Godship then was forc'd to buy
New Morsels and Supplies for his unbounded Luxury.

II.

Pardon, blest Pair, these rude unpolish'd Lines,
With which a Loyal Muse wou'd now adorn your Shrines;
Like some young Virgin, who when half undrest,
(Around her loosely casts her Vest)
Into the Croud with eager steps does go,
To gaze and wonder at the pompous show:
Welcome, *Great Prince*, to our once happy shore,
(For *this once one time*, dear Land, thy pardon I implore)

For many years the Pride of all the Floud,
The envy of the Western World it stood;
In this our *Isle*, as once of *Rhodes* was said,
The Sun was never thought to hide his head;
Antiquity with all its searching eyes,
Cou'd never fansie or devise,
That once in *Egypt*, or in *Albion*, Clouds cou'd rise.
Let *Fortunate* or *Happy* now no longer be its Name,
But style it henceforth *Europe*'s shame:
As in *Greek* Story, we of Countries reade,
That for their sins have often chang'd their Breed,
Of Men, or Manners; so, no more appears,
But all are here transform'd to Lyons, Dogs and Bears.

III.

But the mistaken World may fansie yet,
That happiness here keeps her peaceful Seat,
Who see our thronged Streets still ebb and flow
With Waves of people crouding to and fro;
Who with such artful Beauty and surprize
See all our Palaces and Temples rise,
Who see our Navies daily plough the Main,
With a full Harvest blest of dear-bought gain;

Some

Some freighted with the Golden Spoils o' th' *West*,
Some with the ſhining Entrails of the *Eaſt*:
So a poor Swain viewing a Tyrant's State,
With ſecret Envy does applaud his Fate;
But yet ne'r learns to prize his own dear peaceful reſt,
Nor ſees thoſe inward flames that rack the gaudy Pageant's Breſt.
Thus *Ætna* to the diſtant Sailers ſight
Shews with a top that's verdant, flouriſhing and bright;
But yet within its burning Womb contains
Nothing but Brimſtone, Lime, and ſcorching ſulphurous Veins.

IV.

Yet from theſe Miſts, Great Sir, that darken all the Air,
A ſudden joy does dart, and ſcatter our deſpair,
When thus by you a way we open'd find
How the Fates may ſtill be kind,
How by your Royal Progeny
We and our Sons may ever happy be.
So have I ſeen a kind auſpicious Star
Shine forth and guide the wandring Traveller,

While all else ſtood with thickeſt Night beſet,
This ſparkled like a Diamond ſet in Jet.
So from two warring Clouds black teeming Womb
Oft have I ſeen the nimble Lightning come,
And trembling run o'r all the Azure way,
And with its light create a ſhort-liv'd Day.
The unruly *Many* now ſhall ceaſe to rage,
Or ever more diſturb the Age:
No more ſhall Schiſm, and bold Anarchy
Among our Engliſh Manufactures number'd be;
Pale Faction now ſhall hang its drooping head,
It ſhall be through the World proclaim'd,
That Oracles are once more ceaſt,
That the *Old Cauſe*, the *mighty Pan is dead.*
Theſe curſt heart-burnings, and ill-boding Flames
Shall hence be exorcis'd by your illuſtrious Names,
As Culinary Fire
In the Suns Beams does loſe its force, and ſtrait expire.
The giddy Rabble and the Beaſts of Prey
Shall by your *Nuptial Fires* be ſcar'd away;
As men in *Africa* do Bonfires rear,
To keep 'em from the Lyon and the ſavage Bear.

Then

Then let our *British Annals* talk no more
Of one St *George*, his Deeds and wondrous Pow'r;
This is the Man; Him the Great *ORDER* shall
In future times their *Saint* and *Patron* call,
And what before was Legend, Fable, Lye,
Shall pass for Current and Authentick *History.*

To the Memory of the Learned Dr. J. N. who died of a Consumption, 1683.

I.

PITY it is all our Poetick rage
Muſt waſte in Libel againſt Death, each blubber'd Page
Muſt weep in Verſe, each faint and piteous ſtrain
Of Saints departed muſt complain;
Death has of late with utmoſt rage and cruelty
Haraſs'd the *Muſe*'s Family,
And made her free-born Subjects wear the Chain
With which Plebeian Souls he aws;
I wonder'd at the ſpiteful Cauſe,
And thus 'twixt grief and rage did ſtrait complain

II.

Sure the pale *Monarch* of Eternal Night
Miſtakes his *Creet*, whilſt here with Tyrant's ſpight
He ſports and laughs to ſee ſo many Victims fall;
Creet! where ſtood his hallowed Stall,

Creet,

Creet, where the Caitiff ſtill had ſtore,
Glutting himſelf with humane Gore,
When yearly with the reeking bloud
Of ſeven young Boys
He gorg'd his Jaws,
Till high-born *Theſeus* ſtopt the ſacred Floud.

III.

I know the ſecret cauſe, it muſt be it,
Why Death does wage immortal War with Wit;
Learning and Wit a Leaſe of Life can give
And make our Names in after-ages bud and thrive,
Theſe to the Tyrant are no Friends,
But baulk his curſt ignoble Ends;
So theſe Lights muſt go out, that he again
In Night and darkneſs uncontroul'd may reign;
Like ſome bold Villain, who the *Archives* burns,
And all the bleſt Remains to Aſhes turns,
That there no Proof in future times may be
Of his low Birth, and Dunghil *Pedigree*.

IV.

Death's cold embrace what Mortal e'er can fly?
Since *Phœbus*'s deareſt Son does breathleſs lye;

Lov'd by the *God* upon a double ſcore,
He *Phyſick* added to Arts general ſtore;
If a Diſeaſe had ſtroke a wounded Soul,
He wou'd the ſawcy Malady controul,
With choiceſt Simples, and Herbs Sovereign Juice,
(Which ſeldom did his juſt Commands refuſe)
But if weak Nature in her part did fail,
And the Deſtroyer o'er his Druggs prevail,
He ſtraight cou'd with his Pen
Fetch him to life again.
Embalm the Memory of the Juſt,
And make it flouriſh in the Duſt;
Death here with witty malice doth repay
All favours and civilities paſt,
And let thoſe Devils he once caſt
Out of our Bodies, on himſelf now prey;
That Death, which for a puniſhment was meant,
Shou'd fly on thoſe that are moſt innocent!

V.

Nature had caſt him in her largeſt Mould,
This well-built Frame a Mind as large controul'd;
I ſaw it, happy Saint, and ſaid go on,
Thou ſurely wilt compleat the wretched Span.

(Life's

(Life's longeſt Stage) thy threeſcore years and ten.
Fond man! deceiv'd and gull'd by outward ſhew,
What cou'd his Soul with ſuch a Partner do!
His Mind and Body were ill-pair'd by Fate,
To act things vaſtly good, Divinely great;
His eager Soul with Learning's thirſt was fir'd,
His Body lagg'd, and in the Journey tir'd,
Like generous Wine, his Soul for eaſe complain'd,
Broke the frail Cask, that its vaſt Spirits contain'd;
Whatever Vertue Druggs and Herbs can boaſt,
Unhappy Friend, were on thee loſt:
So that the Artiſt's skill we muſt adore,
And rather ſay the Art it ſelf was poor;
But one faint Spark of Life was left, I doubt,
With pious care he blew, and chanc'd to put it out.

VI.

To our Forefather's Death, and kinder Fate
Gave longer Truce, in Life's ſweet Bower they ſate
Five times as long, when to the hundredth Year
They'd climb'd, the pleaſing Task did ſtill appear
Renew'd, and ſtill with haſte the rowling Year
Came back again.

Their

Their hopes did with their lengthen'd Ages thrive,
And now by Custom they might plead to live.
Death in his winged Chariot might have flown
To the wide Ocean, or the swarthy *Zone*,
And there have trifled many a Year, and fed
His pamper'd Steeds with steam of *Indian* bloud,
Then have return'd.
While we alas! who have more to do than they,
A World of Art, as well as Nature, to survey,
Just know what 'tis to live, then straight are snatcht away.

VII.

His winged Shaft with wondrous Art
A thousand ways the Tyrant does impart;
Burns in a Feaver, in a Dropsie drowns,
And Man, the lesser World, with slimy Rheume confounds,
Plucking up all the Sluces in its Rounds.
With more than *Syren*'s Art he flatters still
In a *Consumption*, when he means to kill;
Here like the sleep of Infants, Death
Lays by his Leaden hand, and gently takes our breath,

With

With all the Graces the ſtern *Monarch* wears,
Allays our fears, and ſweetly ſtills our cares;
Thus He to thee appear'd, dear Saint, the kindeſt Dart
In all Death's Quiver ſtruck thee to the heart.
So the fam'd *Seneca* expir'd,
Feeling his trickling Blood *retir'd*;
His heart unman'd, defenceleſs quite,
In a ſoft Dream his Soul took flight,
And haſted to the Shades of Night.
Death long had laid her Siege to thee,
That, like *Oſtend*, thou needs muſt be
Nothing but Ruines at *Delivery*.

On

On the Famous PAINTER *Mr.* J. E.

Pindarick Odes.

I.

THE bluſtring *Hero* ſtruts in ſlow-pac'd lines,
In humble Elegy the Lover whines,
In keen *Iambicks* others ſcold and rail,
The *Lyrick* Verſe has many a pretty Tale,
Theſe old ſtarch'd ways and I can ne'er agree,
For *Poets* well as *Painters* too
(If the obſerving World ſays true)
Are ſtill for bold *Pindarick* Liberty.
Dull meaſure will my fancy ſink, not raiſe,
When I deſign *intemperately* to praiſe;
I ſing a wondrous man and wondrous things,
What need of gouty Feet; my *Muſe* has got her (wings.

II.

But ſtay, my *Muſe*, wilt thou no *God* invoke,
Is no kind *Deity* beſpoke,

To

To guide thee through the vast mysterious maze
Of his unbounded praise?
Great *Phœbus!* daign for once to lend an ear
To an humble *Poet's* Prayer;
With open Arms so may thy *Thetis* run
To meet thy Teem and setting Sun;
So may thy glorious Head for ever be
From sooty Earthly Vapours free,
With undisturbed Rays may shine,
Till the last Flames shall the whole World refine,
When thou must too expire,
As in thy Beams now Culinary Fire.

III.

But why shou'd I with so much passion ask
That which thou count'st thy daily Task?
Poets and *Painters* too
To thee their fair designments owe;
In vain the feeble Poets write
Unless the *God* of *Wit* indite;
In vain they paint, and show their Art,
Unless thou play thy Part;
Shoud'st thou but once deny their Pieces light,
Their best-wrought Draughts must lye in endless Night.

For

For at the Call of thy approaching Sun,
The hidden Colours all do run,
The green, the blue, the yellow, and the red,
And all the Regiment make Head.
When in a Morn thou riſeſt firſt from ſleep,
Each colour to its well-known feature creeps.
What is that thing, I fain wou'd know,
With which thou'rt wont to gild the watry Bow,
What are thoſe all-enlivening Beams
With which thou paint'ſt the murmuring Streams,
With which thou trickeſt up the Air and Skies,
Which on the Plants in gaudy colours lies!
With that ſame Pencil let me ſtand,
And all the Lines and Strokes command
With meaſure and due Art to march along
Into my well-proportion'd Song.
That while I ſing this matchleſs Morn,
(Who through various Climes has run,
And with the greateſt skill has gather'd thence
Paintings *Elixir* and true *Quinteſſence*)
Here a ſoft gentle Stroke may riſe,
And there a bolder may ſurprize.

Thus

Thus, Dearest Friend, you see
How we are outdone by thee
In our own Calling, *Poetry*,
Even Words and Metaphors you must impart
They all are borrow'd from the Storehouse of thy Art.

IV.

Zeuxes, *Apelles*, and those mighty Names,
That swell so big the mouth of Fame,
For many Ages did retain
The Universal Painting Reign.
Courted and lov'd by all, with wonder view'd,
By dull Antiquities admiring Crowd;
But their poor Images were wont to wear
Their Pointers, this a Dog and that Bear;
They ne'er cou'd higher than a Landskip rise,
Which at first sight might pleasingly surprize.
The foolish Birds, I think we read, were caught,
And to their painted Berries brought;
Alas! my Friend, hadst thou but liv'd,
The Painters Mighty Self had been deceiv'd:
But these to *Titian* and *Angelo*
Their Sovereign Empire did forego,

And

And Painting ſtill was in its ſtripling Age,
Till *Lely* and *Vandike* did mount the Stage;
And when theſe Prophets went at Death's great Call,
They let their Mantle on thee fall,
And with the ſame they did impart
A double Portion of their Spirit and Art.

V.

But ſtay, here Friendſhip's Sacred Name
In my bold Song an equal ſhare does claim.
What! Can my overweaning Muſe
The Mighty *Ryley*'s Praiſe refuſe?
Ryley, the ſecond Glory of our Age,
The Darling of the Court, the Town and Stage;
Ryley by Heaven ſent
By way of an experiment,
To ſhow the World how feeble Natures part
May be outdone by her great Scholar, Art.
Upon the weight of theſe two Columns lye
Paintings Univerſal Monarchy.
The *Gyants* War deſcrib'd upon a Shield,
Was all Antiquity cou'd yield;

Or *Gods* that on their painted Poops did paſs,
Viewing themſelves within the liquid Glaſs:
A timorous Age! that crept along the Sand,
But never durſt loſe ſight of Land.
But thou, my Friend, didſt boldly out to Sea,
And thy own Pilot too wilt be;
And ſcorn'ſt to ſneak to ſervile Arts and Rules,
Made to fetter Daſtard Souls.

VI.

With ſuch a glowing Warmth, as I paſs by,
Thy Pictures ſtrike my cheated Eye;
They ſeem to move, and nod, and ſpeak,
And into violent paſſions break;
That for the time to come
Painting no more ſhall be an Art that's dumb.
Whatever skill or coſt
The famous *Raphael*'s Pieces boaſt;
Now to oblivion and contempt they're damn'd,
And into Corners and dark Entries cram'd;
But thy Great Fame (as ſome good Pictures do,
Which beſt appear when far remov'd from view)
With After-times ſhall ſtill maintain its light,
And at an Ages diſtance ſhine more bright.

VII.

Methinks, I in thy wondrous Art adore
Something that looks like a Creating Pow'r;
For when this World's great Draught, and well wrought Piece
Of Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Was fashion'd by the Thunderer's hand,
All things at first did mixt and huddled stand,
All things together lay in Nature's tiring Room,
The Water and the Fire both struggled in one Womb,
Cold things with hot, and moist with dry
Did undistinguish'd lye;
When by a touch of their Great Makers Art,
The jarring Seeds of things did freely part,
They humbly did retire without complaint,
And out there leapt this World's most beauteous Piece of Paint.
So o'er the *Chaos* of a gloomy Ground
Oft have I seen thy nimble Pencil move;
And here a Hill the sight wou'd bound,
And here wou'd peep a Floud, and there a Grove

And ſtraight a glorious Heaven wou'd ariſe,
Spangled and ſtuck with ſtarry Eyes;
And here a beauteous *Nymph* her head wou'd reer,
With Eyes ſo killing, Mien ſo wondrous rare,
That though ſome fooliſh Men may call
This lovely Creature *Shadow* all;
Yet here I vow with fam'd *Pygmalion*,
If I muſt go a wooing,
For *Shadows* of thy doing,
I'd ſome of Nature's Subſtances diſown.

VIII.

Philoſophy this Notion clears,
That the pale Moon two Faces wears,
With one ſhe looks at us, they ſay,
Which radiant is and bright;
The other's always turn'd away,
And hid in thickeſt Night:
But if the Picture of thy well-fraught Mind
I regularly draw, my Friend,
There muſt no Shade be there at all,
Nothing that we may darkneſs call;
Thou, like the Sun, art a full Globe of Light,
Shining in every part, throughout the whole moſt bright,

Adorn'd with every Artful Grace that can
Make up an Illuſtrious Man.
Painting the Jewel is, I own,
Which in thy Ring of Arts is ſet and ſhown;
But though in this thou doſt excel,
Yet other things beſide thy Praiſes tell,
A Sword, as well as Pencil, thou canſt wield,
And dare to tread, as well as paint a Field.
His Hand, which with ſuch gentle Strokes you ſaw
But now that beauteous Woman ſhape and draw,
Can, rougher grown, with as unerring Art
Its Paſſage force to a bold Rival's heart;
His Courage equal to his Fancy's ſhown,
Both with as vigorous heat do burn,
If once provoke't, his Pencils Rod thrown down,
Into a Serpent he can turn.

IX.

And ſince all Strokes and Lines we find
Humbly to wait at thy Command,
As readily obey thy hand
As that the motions of thy Mind,
Prethee go on
My beſt beloved *Song*,

And tell thy humble Maſters juſt deſire,
The God of Wit will ſtill thy Strains inſpire;
Ah gentle Artiſt, when thou tak'ſt in hand
The cruel Miſtreſs of my heart,
Which like my Soul within me ſtands,
Is all in all, and all in every Part,
Dreſs her in charms of choiceſt white and red,
And ſhow the World what ne'er has been
In all paſt Ages heard or ſeen,
That thou canſt draw a perfect *Maidenhead.*
The Face with interfering Circles fill'd,
Like Nature's *Alphabet* does ſtand,
In every Letter thou art skill'd,
Though darkly writ by Nature's hand;
By each ſmall Track and winding Line
The temper of the Soul thou canſt Divine,
As if Dame Nature thou hadſt ſtood and view'd
Whilſt She complexions did divide and brew;
So by my *Sylvia*'s features thou canſt gueſs
My eternal wo or bliſs,
By theſe perhaps thou'lt find
Whether ſhe ever will prove kind;
As your rich Mines have oft been found
By the bare ſurface of the Ground.

But, gentle *Artist*, in her eyes
Let none of that fierce Lightning rise;
All sweet and charming let her be,
That without fear I her lov'd face may see;
Let no frowns on the Copy fall,
Whatever may be seen in the Original.
And then to thy great Name, and greater Art I'll bow,
And She shall by thy hand immortal grow;
Her Image Time nor Fate shall e'er devour;
So small is Death's, so great the Painter's power.

A POEM ON Mr L'Eſtrange.

——In magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt.

I.

A Task too vaſt for any living Mortal Wight
Oh cou'd we call back from the ſhades again
Great *Oldham*, *Cowley*, or *Immortal Ben*,
Thoſe happy Bards might ſomething worthy thee indite;
And though theſe three to our aſſiſtance came,
With all their rich and ſhining Eloquence,
With all the gaudy Trappings of their ſence,
The Dreſs wou'd prove too poor and ſcanty for thy Fame;
Their ſtartling Metaphors and Simile's,
Their ſoaring Flights and bold Hyperbole's

Wou'd vaſtly fall beneath their hopes,
If ſpoke on thee, wou'd never paſs for Flouriſhes or Tropes.
And yet amidſt this plenteous ſtore
Of Theme and Subject, miſer-like, I'm poor;
Who e'er at too much Sea-room griev'd before?
Long have I trembling ſtood upon the Sand,
And dreaded to put off from Land,
When ſtraight, I know not how, I'm toſt
Into the boundleſs Main, in Heaps of Waters loſt,
Whilſt from my weak unaided ſight,
The Shore, the Fields and Turrets take their haſty flight.

II.

I come with equal veneration ſtor'd,
As big with ſhame, with as much wonder fraught,
As what the World of old their Children taught;
When the Diluvian Patriarch they ador'd;
With ſuch ſwell'd hopes, with ſuch concern they ran
To ſee and hear that Great Surviving Man,
Who of two Worlds a Citizen had been.
The *Janus-Noah* wore a double face,
Preſent and paſt together here took place.

Like

Like that fam'd Sire, You liv'd before the Flood,
And well do know how 'twas our old World ſtood,
That curſt prevailing Deluge, which o'rflow'd
(A heavier Judgment!) with polluted Streams of Blood,
And You were ſav'd, like him, the World to bleſs,
To ſtock it with a more obedient Race,
To be a Preacher of ſound Loyalty and righteouſneſs.
Gyants did then infeſt the Land,
Clubbs and Committees with their hundred hands;
But ſome of theſe are gone unto their *Place*,
By a diſſenting *Levite's* ſpecial Grace
(Maugre their crimes) they ſweetly are poſſeſt
Among the Saints of EVERLASTING REST.
But if Rebellion can ſuch bleſt rewards aſſign,
Cheer up, *Beelzebub*, the next turn is thine;
We muſt not ſay the Learned Father rav'd,
The Devil himſelf may at long run be ſav'd:
If Bloud and Treaſon lead to happineſs,
If theſe inſure Eternal bliſs,
In the wiſe *Indian's* Prayer,
Oh may I, may I ne'r come there;

In

In such a Crew let me be never seen,
But, like the *Rotterdammer*, rather hang between.

III.

Can He whom Truth and Loyalty their Patron chose,
Want a befitting Muse?
Go on, my Song, and give but one Poetick loose;
He that the *Pythen* and the *Hydra* slew,
He that the savage Herds with Musick drew;
Had *Paeans* fram'd, and Altars rais'd,
Were sung in Verse, ador'd and prais'd;
Yet these were all but misty Types of You.
Much greater Conquests crown thy mighty Pen:
Beasts were their Prize, but thou hast tamed Men,
Men with their Reasons blind, their Senses foully gross,
Less docible than the *Rhinoceros*,
To kneel for *CHARLES* that may in time be taught,
To pray or drink for Him the Rabble's hardly brought;
The Rabble, which if one by one you singly place,
For reasonable Beings they may pass;
But if together they associate be,
Call 'em a shapeless Lump of blind Monstrosity.
Methinks,

Methinks, like fabulous *Scylla*, thou doſt lye,
Beſet with barking Currs inceſſant Cry:
This is thy Task; ſeverer far than theirs,
Condemn'd to fight with Beaſts in Amphitheaters;
And harder much thy Fate (a Fate too harſh and ſowre,)
(Thou Loyalty's undaunted Confeſſor)
For Scars as thick thy injur'd Fame does know,
As *Scæva* on his Buckler Darts cou'd ſhow;
He ſhook the Pointed Harveſt off his Shield,
And with freſh courage rang'd the Field;
And ſo do you,
With vigorous heat the Fight renew,
With intereſt return 'em all on the admiring Foe.

IV.

When You, by *Oſtraciſm* damn'd,
Were forc'd to quit your Native Land;
It did at once pity and wonder move,
To ſee the frantick mirth that ev'ry where
Among the *Many* did appear,
(So ſhort and quick the Turns of popular hate and love.)
At thy Eclipſe much louder Shouts were found,
Than e'r are heard on the Arcadian Ground,

When

When all the ſilly Swains
Come with their Braſs, to eaſe the labouring *Cynthia*'s Pains.
The Rout, who live a bare *Mechanick* life,
Admit of no Diſpute, or reaſoning ſtrife;
They with their moving Leaders muſt comply,
Who act, *true Brutes*, by pure neceſſity.
For if we wou'd the Myſtery behold,
The Wolves were now turn'd Keepers of the Fold;
And thou ſhou'dſt been like Baniſht *Tully* mourn'd,
And ſhou'dſt have, like him too, with Songs return'd.
Great Engineer of State,
Whoſe well-purg'd Ears, and watchful Eye
Cou'd all our *Catilines* defeat,
Cou'd all their ſubterraneous Works and Mines deſcry.
For in thy Lines, as in a Necromantick Glaſs,
At three Years diſtance was diſtinctly ſhown
(Though thy Prophetick Gift we n'er wou'd own)
The Figure of their Plot, its features, Limbs and Face.

V. *Sidney*,

V.

*Sidney**, the Muſes humble Seat, * College in *Cambridge.*
(But by *L'Eſtrange*'s Name made great)
Sidney no longer mourns; but joys to bring Thee forth,
No longer bluſhes at her* other guilty Birth: * *Oliver Cromw.*
For in this fair *Rebecca*'s Womb
You ſtruggled both, from hence you both did come;
Supplanter is thy Name, deſign'd by Fate
The great Uſurper to defeat:
For thy bleſt Pen by this does half atone
For all the mighty Ills his Sword has done;
You Loyal nouriſhment and Vertue bore
From the ſame Breaſt, whence that black Fiend before
Suckt nought but Bloud and unconcocted Gore.
Thus *Natures Sages* wiſely prove and ſhow
From the ſame Cauſe different Effects may flow;
The Suns kind Rays can choiceſt Beings form,
If pure and fine the Subject which they warm;
But if on Mud receiv'd, how can they chuſe,
But Frogs and Toads, and ſuch vile Births produce.

Go

Go on, Brave man, boldly ride out the Storm,
With which this peeviſh Age Thy Sacred Head wou'd harm;
In after-times the Mighty Good
Shall be better underſtood,
And if the Muſe Futurities can read,
Fame, like thy Body, ſhall weigh more when dead;
Thy Friends, like Amulets, thy Lines ſhall bear,
As once the World Great *Caſtriot*'s Bones did wear;
Like the Bohemian's famous Drum
Thy bleſt Remains ſhall Glory win,
As ſurely ſcare thy Foes, as ſurely ſtrike 'em dumb,
Though that was cover'd with his Skin.

ERRATA.

Page 24. *Line* 13. *read* come. *p.* 25. *l.* 5. *r.* oblig'd. *p.* 27. *l.* 17. *r.* live. *p.* 29. *l.* 20. *for* So *r.* See. *p.* 33. *l.* 18. *r.* thou fooliſh Quill. *p* 34. *l.* 11. *r.* Thoſe. *p.* 37. *l.* 11. *r.* ſhine not for. *p.* 43. *l.* 7. *r.* Horſe. *p.* 45. *l.* 3. *r.* Hole. *ib. l.* 14. *r.* ſleep to his. *p.* 46. *l.* 18. *r.* Oh how ſhall I. *p.* 47. *l.* 18. *r.* hand. *p.* 48. *l.* 2. *r.* frame. *p.* 88. *l.* 9. *r.* Pleader turned o'er the. *p.* 90. *l.* 15. *for* the *r.* ſhe. *l.* 16. *r.* Fiend. *p.* 92. *l.* 9. *r.* Tho'. *ib. r.* candied. *l.* 11. *r.* paſt. *p.* 96. *l. ult.* Who ſtoopt. *p.* 100. *l.* 3, 4. *r.* break From Bed, the. *p.* 113. *l. ult. delet* once. *p.* 126. *l.* 17. *r.* Man.

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